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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

MRS ELISABETH R O W E.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

An ACCOUNT of her LIFE and WRITINGS.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N:

Sold by E. DUDLEY, J. JORDIN, T. CURDELL,
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H. TOMLINSON, and G. BLAND.

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THE LIFE OF

T H E

L I F E

O F

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

MRS. Elizabeth Rowe, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious that did not know her, than esteemed and loved by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilchester in Somersetshire, Sept. 11. 1674. being the eldest of three daughters of Mr. Walter Singer, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. Elizabeth Portnell, both of them persons of very great worth and piety. Mr. Singer was not a native of the town now mentioned, nor an inhabitant, before his imprisonment there for his non-conformity in the reign of K. Charles II. Mrs. Portnell thinking herself obliged to visit those that suffered for the sake of a good conscience, as a testimony of her regard, not to them only, but also to our common Lord, agreeable to the representation he himself makes of such kind and christian offices: it was from hence that acquaintance first commenced between these two virtuous and well paired minds, which afterwards proceeded to an union that death alone could dissolve. And this it did too soon for the mournful survivor, if the tenderest affection might be judge, and for the world, which can badly bear to

lose any, and much more such eminent examples of virtue and religion in the several scenes and relations of life. Till her death Mr. Singer resided at Ilchester, but not long after removed into the neighbourhood of Frome, in the same county, where he became so well known and distinguished for his good sense, primitive integrity, simplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulness in discharging the duties of his station, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the same time truly catholick spirit, as to be held in high esteem, even by persons of superior rank: my Lord Weymouth, who was reckoned a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honouring him with his visits; as did the devout Bishop Kenn very frequently, sometimes once a week; such a charm is there in unaffected goodness, and so naturally do kindred souls, warmed and actuated by the same heavenly passion, and pursuing the same glorious ends, run and mingle together with the greatest pleasure, after they are once acquainted, notwithstanding any accidental diversity of sentiments in some smaller things. I mention this to the honour of that venerable Bishop as well as of Mr. Singer. But the public will be best pleased with the character of this good man as drawn by his daughter, after her beautiful and easy manner, in one of her familiar letters to a friend. 'I have ease
• and plenty to the extent of my wishes, and can form
• desires of nothing but what my father's indulgence
• would procure; and I ask nothing of heaven but
• the good old man's life. The perfect sanctity of his
• life, and the benevolence of his temper, make him a
• refuge to all in distress, to the widow and fatherless:
• the people load him with blessings and prayers when-
• ever he goes abroad: which he never does but to
• reconcile his neighbours, or to right the injured and
• oppressed; the rest of his hours are entirely devoted

'to his private devotions, and to books, which are his
'perpetual entertainment.'

He was religiously inclined, as he said himself, when about ten years old, and never from that time neglected prayer; and, as far as he knew his own heart, had sincerely endeavoured to keep a good conscience; and he died as he had lived, April 18. 1719. full of that blessed calm and peace of mind, and humble confidence in the mercy of God, thro' a Redeemer (for there was his trust) which a long course of active virtue, and constant lively devotion, joined with the most generous and exalted ideas of the divine goodness, free from all mixtures of a gloomy, sullen superstition, may be expected to produce: for he was not of those who confine that infinite benignity which loves to diffuse itself abroad, unrestrained in its salutary influences by every thing else but the wilful opposition of reasonable and free beings, to the methods used for their recovery and happiness. And this it was that helped, no less than a happy natural temper, to make him so cheerful a christian. A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witness to the heroic and christian manner in which he finished life, observes, that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the same freedom and composure, as if he had been setting out on a journey; was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans, with whose concerns he was entrusted, might not be injured after he was gone; conversed, tho' under great bodily disorders, with those that came to see him, who were not a few, in the easiest, freest manner; spent his time in praising and blessing God, and praying to him; and giving good counsel to those above him; he shewed an uncommon sweetness and patience in his behaviour; and was exceeding thankful to those who did the least thing for him, tho' they owed him a great deal more. In a memorandum, relating to her fa-

ther's last sickness and death, Mrs. Rowe has these words, ' My father very often felt his pulse, and com-
plained that 'twas still regular, and smiled at every
symptom of approaching death : he would be often
crying out, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ; Come,
ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a
sinner, come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye pro-
pitious spirits ; and then would add, But thy time,
Lord, not mine, is best. When shall I awake, and
be satisfied with thy likeness ? What is death ? I
never made the experiment, and nobody about me
knows when persons are dying. I have heard of
jaws falling, and eye-strings cracking, but where are
the tokens ? And yet nature fails, and I am dying.
I have seen people die without half so much ado,
just lean back, and, having fetched a calm sigh, ex-
pire.' If I may use the expression, how lovely and
tempting is such a death ! What an instance of the
power of religion, and the true dignity of human na-
ture, when raised and supported by the grace of God,
and the hope of immortality ! The sight was so affect-
ing, that a person listed among the Freethinkers of the
age, as they are pleased to compliment themselves, being
present, was exceedingly struck with it, and ready to say,
Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian ; as every
one who rightly considers such examples, and how na-
turally they arise out of the principles of the gospel,
firmly believed, and steadily practised upon, must be
entirely persuaded by them ; persuaded to embrace it,
not merely as a pleasing imagination, but a most sa-
cred truth, which all that allow it to be the former,
have reason to wish it may prove ; and which no man
that wishes it to be true, so far as to examine the e-
vidences of it with candor and sincerity, can pronounce
to be false. And thus the supposed confession of the
infidel,

infidel, on a like occasion,* ‘That, tho’ he thought
‘religion a delusion, yet it was the most agreeable de-
‘lusion in the world; and the men who flattered them-
‘selves with those gay visions, had much the advan-
‘tage of those that saw nothing before them but a
‘gloomy uncertainty, or the dreadful hope of anni-
‘hilation.’ This confession, I say, if he be true to
himself, must end in his being a thorough convert
to christianity.

I have been the larger in this account of Mr. Singer,
not only in justice to so deserving a character, but be-
cause of the singular veneration which the person who
is the chief subject of these papers, had for it; which
was such that she frequently pleads her relation to it,
and, as it were, glories in it, in her private devotions.
A single instance may serve for a specimen † ‘I hum-
‘bly hope I have a rightful claim. Thou art my God,
‘and the God of my religious ancestors, the God of
‘my mother, the God of my pious father: dying and
‘breathing out his soul, he gave me to thy care; he
‘put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me
‘up to thy protection: he told me, thou wouldest ne-
‘ver leave nor forsake me; he triumphed in thy long
‘experienced faithfulness and truth, and gave his te-
‘stimony for thee with his latest breath.’

Of Mrs. Rowe’s two sisters, one died in childhood;
the other survived to her twentieth year, a lovely con-
current in the race of virtue and glory. She had the
same extreme passion for books, chiefly those of medi-
cine, in which art she arrived to a considerable insight;
and if it could not be said of them in the letter, as of
the virtuous woman in the Proverbs, That their can-
dle went not out by night, yet it frequently burnt till

* Friendship in death, Letter 1.

† Vid. Devout Exercises of the Heart, published by Dr. Watts,
Page 129.

after the middle of it; so great was their thirst of knowledge, and the pleasure they had in gratifying it! What from a laudable emulation, from the ties of blood and friendship, and the advantage of perpetually conversing together, the improvements which two such minds received from each other, could not be little; and had Heaven seen fit to spare both, would have been still growing. But the sovereign disposer of human affairs hath so ordered it, doubtless in infinite wisdom, that few of our blessings in the present life should be enjoyed without some abatement, was pleased to determine otherwise; yet we have no reason to repine, but with grateful joy should own that goodness which, while it summoned one of these seraphic spirits to the skies, continued the other for so many years after, as a ministering angel here below.

Those who were acquainted with this extraordinary person in her childish years, could not but have observed a great many things not common in that age of life, which promised the bright day that afterwards ensued; and it must have been with peculiar satisfaction that Mr. Singer, in whom parental affection, conspir'd with a penetrating discernment to heighten the pleasure, beheld the early dawnings of a very great and good mind in his charming daughter.

When she received the first serious impressions of religion, does not appear; not unlikely it might be as soon as she was capable of it, at once perceiving her obligations to the author of her being; and in the same measure, as her opening reason discovered these to her, feeling the force of them. A lady of character for good sense and piety, who began her life with her, thinks so; and in one of her pious addresses she herself thus speaks to God: * ' My infant hands were early lifted up to thee, and I soon learned to know

* and

' and acknowledge the God of my fathers.' To this, with a prudent and pious education, the felicity of her natural disposition, under the heavenly influence, conspired; for though she had an unusual sprightliness in her temper, which held out to the last, yet she was at the same time blest with a turn of mind to noble and elevated subjects, that gave her a high relish for the pleasures of devotion. It would be exceeding unjust to draw a contrary conclusion from the severity of some expressions concerning herself, that occur in her Devout Exercises; for, besides that this sort of language was dictated by her profound humility, it might partly be owing to a notion of conversion (by which is meant religion's becoming a reigning principle in the mind) not so well grounded as 'tis common, as if it always consisted in a sensible, and sort of instantaneous revolution in the soul, attended with an over-turning of whatever favourable sentiments persons had of themselves, and their condition before; a notion which, for ought I know, might take its rise from not distinguishing between the change which the first converts to christianity underwent, or which passes on those who having led a vicious life, enter at length into quite a new way of thinking and acting, which hath something of the violence of a storm in it; and that sense of piety, which often silently steals upon tender and uncorrupted minds, like the light of the morning, hardly perceptible when it breaks, or in its gradual increase, and yet shining more and more unto the perfect day; and which, I doubt, is not very properly expressed by the word conversion. Nor while the duties of religion are regularly performed, and every thing plainly criminal in the conduct of life is avoided, and this from a principle of conscience, and an inward approbation of what is good; will some little fallies, supposing such occasioned by the vivacity of youth and

those passions, which though weaker in elder persons, they find it no easy matter, with all their reason, to govern, prove any more than the imperfection of the good principle, which, notwithstanding this, may by many degrees have the superiority in the soul.

There's a story, which, because it has been confidently reported by some, and credited by a great many others, I shall mention for the sake of the reflexion it will afford me, and the opportunity of assuring the world, after enquiring of persons best able to inform me, that it is entirely without foundation; though, were it ever so true, it could not be made an argument against Mrs Rowe's early piety, as it hath been thought by some to be. The story is this: Mrs. Rowe, then Miss Singer, being dangerously ill, and under visible distress at the apprehension of her approaching change, her sister, who observed it, asked her tenderly, whether she was not willing to die? and Mrs. Rowe frankly confessing she was not, the other said she would retire then, and pray to God that she might be taken in her room, being as willing to leave the world as the other could be to continue in it, which accordingly she did; and the consequence was, that Mrs. Rowe recovered, and her sister sickened and died. Now, supposing the truth of the story, what is there so very wonderful in a young person's being desirous to live longer, if it pleases God, when, with the natural love of life every thing concurs, that can render life agreeable, easy circumstances, a good constitution, cheerfulness of temper, the love and esteem of friends, and a rising reputation? Or is a modest diffidence of one's self such a crime, as to prove our not being prepared for death, because we doubt whether we are or not? When will persons learn to judge in a more rational way, and by other marks than the uncertain appearances of such mechanical and variable things as the passions,

passions, of their own moral state and character, and that of others !

There is so great a similitude between painting and poetry, as being each of them a pleasing and judicious imitation of nature, and depending upon the beauty and strength of the imagination, that 'tis no way surprising, one who possessed this faculty in so high a degree of perfection, did very early discover an inclination to these two sister arts ; which have often the same followers, perhaps always the same admirers, it having been, I believe, seldom known that those who excelled in one of these arts, have not at least had a taste of the charms of the other, and been qualified to judge of its beauties, whether they have made any attempts in it or not.

She loved the pencil when she had hardly strength and steadiness of hand sufficient to guide it ; and in her infancy (one may almost venture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. Singer, perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the expence of a master to instruct her in it ; and it never ceased to be her amusement at times, and a very innocent one it was, till her death. Perhaps (saith an ingenious gentleman, who knew her perfectly well) she liked it the better for the opportunities it yielded her of pleasuring her friends with presents of the best of her drawings, and therein gratifying her beneficent disposition ; for she kept very few of them herself, and these only such as she judged unworthy the acceptance of any one else.

She was also, what every one acquainted with her writings will suppose of such a well-tuned soul, very much delighted with music ; chiefly of the grave and solemn kind, as best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

But her strongest bent was to poetry and writing.

Poetry indeed was her favourite employment, in youth; her most distinguished excellence. So prevalent was her genius this way, that her very prose hath all the charms of verse without the fetters, the same fire and elevation, the same bright images, bold figures, rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a familiar letter but it bore the stamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembers to have heard her say, she began to write verses at twelve years old, which was almost as soon as she could write at all. In the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was published at the desire of two of her friends *, which we may suppose did not contain all that she had by her, since the ingenious prefacer gives the reader to hope, that the author might in a little while be prevailed with to oblige the world with a second part, no way inferior to the former.

The occasion of her poetical name, Philomela, which, from this time she was known by to the world, and whether she assumed it herself, or was complimented with it by her friends, I have not been able to learn. The latter is most probable, and that it was given her at the publication of her poems, before which her modesty not consenting that her own name should appear, this was substituted in the room of it, as bearing a very easy allusion to it, and happily expressing the softness and harmony of her verses, not less soothing and melodious than the strains of the nightingale, when from some leafy shade she fills the woods with her melancholy plaints †.

Though many of these poems are of the religious kind,

* Vid. preface to the genuine edition of that collection.

† Qualis populea moerens Philomela sub umbra,
Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.

Vir.

Milton,

kind, and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to the rules of virtue; yet some things in them gave her no little uneasiness in advanced life. To a mind that had so entirely subdued its passions, or devoted them to the honour of its Maker, and endued with the tenderest moral sense, what she could not absolutely approve, appeared unpardonable; and, not satisfied to have done nothing that injured the sacred cause of virtue, she was displeased with herself for having writ any thing that did not directly promote it. Now were it to be wished, that none of our celebrated poets had any thing worse to answer for than the harmless gaieties of a youthful muse, for which too they had atoned by more serious and instructive compositions; or, that after all the guilt they had contracted, by corrupting the manners of the age with their loose productions, they were conscious but of half the remorse the virtuous Philomela felt, for what no ingenuous reader will impute as a reproach to her memory.

What first introduced her into the notice of the noble family at Longleat, was a little copy of verses of her's, with which they were so highly delighted as to expres a curiosity to see her; and the friendship that commenced from that time, subsisted ever after; not more to her honour, who was the favourite of persons, so much superior to her in the outward distinctions of life, than to the praise of their judgment and taste who knew how to prize, and took a pleasure to cherish such blooming worth. She was not then twenty. Her paraphrase of the 38th chapter of Job was writ at the request of Bishop Kenn, who was entertained in that family, and gained her a great deal of reputation.

She had no other tutor for the French and Italian languages, than the honourable Mr. Thynne, son to

the Lord Viscount Weymouth, who willingly took that task upon himself, and had the pleasure to see his fair scholar improve so fast under his lessons, that in a few months she was able to read Tasso's Jerusalem with great ease.

Her shining merit, with the charms of her person and conversation, had procured her a great many admirers. Among others, 'tis said, the famous Mr. Prior would have been glad to share the pleasures and cares of life with her; so that, allowing for the double license of the Poet and Lover in the manner of expression, the concluding lines in his answer to the pastoral on Love and Friendship, by Mrs. Singer, were not without all foundation in truth †. She was the nameless lady to whom the following copy of verses in the same author is inscribed. But Mr. Thomas Rowe was the person reserved by Heaven to be the happy man; both to be made, and to make happy.

This gentleman was born at London, April 25, 1687, the eldest son of the Rev. Mr. Benoni Rowe, who with a very accurate judgment, and a considerable stock of useful learning, joined the talents of preaching, and a most lively and engaging manner in conversation. By his parents he was creditably descended *; but as he had too much personal worth to be under a necessity of borrowing from such foreign aids, so he thought

too

† Vid. Prior's Poems, page 32. Edit. 12mo.

* He was the grandson of William Rowe, Esq; a gentleman of worth and considerable estate, and Alice (a lady of distinguished sense, beauty and virtue) daughter of Thomas Scot, Esq; member of parliament for Aylesbury, in the county of Bucks: and by the maternal side he was descended from the Rowes of Devon; some account of which family is given by Dr. Welwood, in his preface to the translation of Lucan, by N. Rowe, Esq; folio edit. page 18.

too justly to pride himself upon it, being able to say
with the Satyrift,

Et genus & proavos, & quæ non fecimus ipsis,
Vix ea nostra voco.

Juv.

His superior genius, and insatiable thirst after knowledge, made themselves taken notice of at an age when the generality of mankind have scarcely out-grown the merely sensitive life. He was able to read as soon almost as he could speak ; had such a pleasure in books, as to take none at all in the diversions which children are usually so fond of ; and when he was prevailed on by his companions, which was but seldom, to make one in their little parties at play, his unreadiness and inattention plainly shewed it was not out of choice he engaged, but purely from his good-nature and complaisance, to which he should offer too much violence, always to deny their importunity.

He commenced his acquaintance with the Classics at Epsom, while his father resided there ; and by his swift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his master, a man very able in his profession, and was treated by him, with a very particular indulgence, in spite of the natural ruggedness and severity of his temper. When Mr. B. Rowe removed to London, he placed his son under the care of Dr. Walker, the eminently learned master of the Charter-house school, justly famed for the great numbers of excellent linguists that have received their education in that ancient nursery of polite literature. He was one of those who, the doctor could easily foresee, would do him honour when they should appear abroad in the world, and, we may suppose, did not please him the less on that account. His exercises never failed of being distinguished even among those that had the probation

probation

probation of the master, who, when he had finished his pupil in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, would fain have persuaded his father to send him to one of our English universities. But how honorably soever Mr. Rowe might think of the learning of those noble seats of the muses, not having the same advantageous notion of the principles in too much credit there, he would by no means trust a son of his hopes in such hands; but entered him at first at a private academy in London, and, some time before his death, that he might not want any advantages which the most liberal education could give him, he had determined his going to Leyden, for the last hand of the great masters there. And well did the fruit reward the expence of the culture. For, after having studied Jewish Antiquities under Witsius, Civil Law under Vitiarius, the Belles Lettres under Perizonius, and Experimental Philosophy under Senguerdus, and established a reputation for a capacity, application, and an obliging deportment both among the professors and students; he returned from that celebrated mart of learning with a vast accession of treasure, in books he had purchased, and knowledge he had amassed, and no less in his morals, which he had preserved as uncorrupt as he could have done under the most vigilant eye and strictest hand, though left without all other restraints but those of his own virtue and prudence.

The love of liberty had been always one of Mr. Rowe's most darling passions. 'Twas a kind of ideal mistress, to whose charms no one ever had a soul more sensible than his; the generous inclination beat strong in his breast, and was not to be extinguished but with the vital flame. In these sentiments, so natural to him, he was not a little confirmed by his familiar acquaintance with the history, and the noble authors, of ancient Greece and Rome, whose very spirit was transfused.

ed into him, and residing so long in a republic, where he had examples continually before him, of the inestimable value of freedom, as the parent of industry, the nurse of arts and sciences, and universal source of social happiness ; this made him, with so much anxiety for his native country, not very long after his return thither in the year 1708, observe, that a set of wretched principles, destructive of its liberties and welfare, were growing into fashion under the countenance of some in power. To those he opposed himself with a zeal which might have had more influence indeed in a higher sphere, but could not have been more honest and open. Tyranny of all sorts he most sincerely detested, but most of all ecclesiastical, in every shape : deeming the slavery of the mind, as the most abject and ignominious, so, in its consequences, more pernicious than any other. His lives will be a glorious monument of his love of liberty and public good ; to which may be added his poems, now first published, and in both which this commendable ardor is visible. From the same cause proceeded his attachment to the illustrious house of Hanover, in which he had the satisfaction to see the protestant succession to the British throne take place before he died, leaving the world more willingly after having been witness to this happy event.

It was with Mr. Rowe, in respect of his learned avarice, as with those that love money : his desires after knowledge enlarged with his acquisitions, instead of abating. All his morning hours, and a large part of the afternoon, were devoted to study, till the time of his being seized with the distemper of which he died. His library, in collecting which he was assisted by his great knowledge of the best editions of books, consisted of a great number of the most valuable authors ; and as he was making continual additions to it, amounted at his death to above five thousand volumes.

He was a perfect master of the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and, which is seldom known to happen, had at once such a prodigious strength of memory, and inexhaustible fund of wit, the effect of a lively imagination, as would singly have afforded a stock of reputation for any man to trade upon, and much more united. This, with an easy fluency of words, the frankness and benevolence of his temper, a readiness to communicate of his learned store, and a life and spirit which nature must bestow, since it can be but poorly imitated, made his company universally coveted and prized by those that knew him. 'Twas impossible there should be a drowsy soul where Mr. Rowe was present; he animated the conversation, every one was awake, and every one pleased. He had a penetration, and quickness of thought, hardly to be imagined, so as upon just glancing over an author, to see to the bottom of his sentiments. None of the politer kinds of learning were neglected by him. He was a good judge in poetry, and had it in his power to have been himself an eminent poet; for he had actually the most essential parts belonging to that character, the vivid fire, the rich vein, the copious diction; but as poetry was not his predominant inclination, his genius had not all the polishing which art and constant practice might have added to nature. History was his favourite study, for which his talents of vast memory, before taken notice of, and an exquisite judgment, for one of his years, peculiarly qualified him.

He had formed a design to compile the lives of all the illustrious persons of antiquity, omitted by Plutarch, and for this purpose read the antient historians with great care. This design he in part executed. Eight lives were published since his decease, by way of supplement to that admired biographer; in which, though so young a guide, he strikes out his way like one well acquainted

acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The stile is perfectly easy, yet concise and nervous, the reflections just, and such as might be expected from a lover of truth and mankind; and the facts interesting themselves, or made so by the skill used in relating them. There's a preface by the reverend and learned Mr. Chandler, writ after the usual manner of that agreeable and lively author, with great spirit and elegance, and worthy of the excellent person for whose memory he expresses so high an esteem. ' He must be ' insensible to true merit (saith the ingenious pre- ' facer) and to all just regards to the public good, ' that can look over these valuable remains, without ' finding in himself a due respect and esteem raised for ' the author, and his own heart inspired with an en- ' creasing love to the liberties and welfare of his coun- ' try.' Besides these Lives, the author had finished and fitted for the press the life of Thrasybulus, which being put into the hands of Sir Richard Steel, for his re- visal, was, some how or other, unhappily lost, and could never since be recovered. Should this manuscript be yet in being, Mr. Theophilus Rowe, the author's brother, will acknowledge it as a very great favour, if the person into whose hands it is fallen, will be so good as to return it to him, in order to its being communicated to the public. The famous Mr Dacier having translated Plutarch's lives into French, with remarks historical and critical; the Abbe Bellenger, already known (saith the Journal des Scavans) in the republic of letters, by some works that do him honour, added in 1734. a ninth tome to the other eight, consisting of the life of Hannibal, and Mr Rowe's lives made French by that learned Abbe; in the preface to which version he transcribes from the preface to the English edition, the character of the author, with visible approbation; and saith, the lives were written with

with taste, though being a posthumous work, the author had not put his last hand to it. We may presume, from the fidelity with which the French translator follows the original, not omitting the freest passages and boldest strokes against tyranny, or any way qualifying or correcting, and expressing his dissent from them, that he had no aversion to the author's notions of the unalienable rights and liberties of mankind. And I must own, it added not a little to the pleasure this gave me, to find an approbation in form under the hand of the person appointed by the Keeper of the seals, to read that work. It looks as if there were some true Frenchmen still in being, the remains of a 'generous race (to use a warm phrase of Mr. Rowe's) 'undebauched by slavish sophistry, and justly ignorant 'of any power not guided by the laws, and account- 'able to them.' May Mr. Rowe's being made to speak French be one means of increasing the number, and rekindling their zeal in the glorious cause.

On occasion of the honour done the memory of his dear brother, by this learned foreigner, Mr. Theophilus Rowe composed the following lines :

O friend ! O brother ! can thy dear lov'd name
Rise to my view, nor pious sorrows claim ?
O early fled to thy congenial skies,
E'er I could know thy matchless worth to prize !
Now ripen'd judgment gives that worth to see,
And next a father lost I mourn for thee ;
For thee, whose friendship had that loss supply'd,
In youth my guardian, and in age my guide.
Thy voice had taught to bend my stubborn will,
Lur'd me to good, and warn'd my wish from ill.
While virtue in thy life to sight confess,
With heav'ly charms had vanquish'd all my breast,
With borrow'd vigour I had learn'd to tread
The path she points, by thy example led :

Now

Now my guide lost, I trace the arduous way
With feeble step, and scarce forbear to stray.
O friend ! O brother ! —— but why thus again
Will these dear names my tortur'd mem'ry pain ?
For ever gone, thou wilt not leave the skies
For friendship's wild complaints, or nature's cries.
Ah ! what avail'd with studious toil t'explore
What antient wit had taught, or modern lore,
Since not the treasur'd stores of wisdom save
The laurel'd head from the devouring grave !
Yet if, blest spirit, minds celestial know
To joy at honour paid their names below,
Hear Philomela's strains rehearse thy praise,
While every muse inspires the moving lays ;
Lays that shall last while virtue boasts to warm
The generous breast, or sacred verse can charm :
And see thy works thro' foreign nations known ;
France views their worth, and makes thy Lives her
own,
And conscious of their right to equal fame,
The rival volume joins to Plutarch's name.

Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aspiciam posthac ? ac certe semper amabo,
Semper moesta tua carmina morte legam. Catul.

Being at Bath in the year 1709, Mr. Rowe was introduced by a gentleman of her acquaintance into Mrs. Singer's company, who lived in a retirement not far distant from that city. The idea he conceived of her from report, and from her writings, charmed him ; but when he had seen and conversed with her, he felt another kind of impression from the presence of so much beauty, wit, and virtue ; and the esteem of the Theorist was converted into the rapture of a Lover. During the courtship, he writ a poetical epistle to a friend

friend that was a neighbour of Mrs. Singer, and intimate in the family. I shall take the liberty to quote a few lines out of it, not so much for a specimen of Mr. Rowe's poetical genius (tho' that appears in them too) as his passionate veneration for Mrs. Singer.

Youth's liveliest bloom, a never fading grace,
And more than beauty sparkles in her face ;
Yet the bright form creates no loose desires,
At once she gives, and purifies our fires,
And passions chaste as her own soul inspires : }
Her soul, heav'n's noblest workmanship, design'd
To bless the ruin'd age, and succour lost mankind ;
To prop abandon'd virtue's sinking cause,
And snatch from vice its undeserv'd applause.

Mrs. Elizabeth Singer was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe in the year 1710. on which occasion a learned friend of Mr. Rowe's wrote the following beautiful Latin epigram.

In nuptias Thomæ Rowe & Elizabethæ Singer.

Quid doctum par usque tuam, sociosque labores
Fabre & Dacerii, Gallia vana crepas ?
Par majus gens Angla dedit, juvenem atque puellam,
Quos hodie sacro fœdere junxit amor.
Namque ea quæ nostri Phœbo cecinere docente,
Explicuisse tuis gloria summa foret.

Thus translated by a young Gentleman:

On the marriage of Mr. THOMAS ROWE and
Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

No more, proud Gallia, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, Le Fevre and Dacier ;

Britain

Britain may boast this happy day unites
 Two nobler minds in Hymen's sacred rites :
 What they have sung, while all th' inspiring Nine
 Exalt the beauties of the verse divine ;
 Those (humble critics of th' immortal strain)
 Shall bound their fame, to comment and explain.

Mrs Rowe's exalted merit and amiable qualities could not fail to inspire the most generous and lasting passion. Mr. Rowe knew well how to value that treasure of wit, softness and virtue, which the divine providence had given to his arms in the most lovely of women, and made it his study to repay the felicity with which she crowned his life. The esteem and tenderness he had for her is inexpressible, and possession seemed scarce to have abated the fondness and admiration of the lover. 'I was some considerable time after his marriage, that he wrote her a very tender ode, under the name of Delia, full of the warmest sentiments of connubial friendship and affection; in which the following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleased heaven to dispose events in a manner so agreeable to the wishes expressed in them.

So long may thy inspiring page,
 And great example bless the rising age !
 Long in thy charming prison mayst thou stay,
 Late, very late, ascend the well-known way,
 And add new glories to the realms of day !
 At least heav'n will not, sure, this pray'r deny :
 Short be my life's uncertain date,
 And earlier far than thine the destin'd hour of fate !
 Whene'er it comes, mayst thou be by,
 Support my sinking frame, and teach me how to die ;
 Banish desponding nature's gloom,
 Make me to hope a gentle doom,
 And fix me all on joys to come !

With

With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And clasp thee dying in my fainting arms,
Then gently leaning on thy breast,
Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest.
The ghastly form shall have a pleasing air,
And all things smile, while heav'n and thou art
there.

As Mr. Rowe had not a robust natural constitution, so an intense application to study beyond what the delicacy of his frame would bear, might, perhaps, contribute to that ill state of health, which allayed the happiness of his marriage-life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakness increased, and he appeared to labour under all the symptoms of a consumption. This fatal distemper, after it had confined him some months, cut off the fairest hopes of his doing great honour and service to his country, and put a period to his life, May 13, 1715, when he was but just past the twenty eighth year of his age. He died at Hampstead, near London, where he had resided some time for the benefit of the air; and was buried in the vault belonging to his family, in the coemetry in Bunhill-fields; where on his tomb are only marked his name, and the date of his birth and death. But an inscription of greater pomp is rendered unnecessary by the honour Mrs. Rowe did his memory in the Elegy she wrote on his death; which is deservedly ranked among the most admirable of her poetical works.

The exquisite grief and affliction Mrs. Rowe felt for his loss, is described with such beautiful and unaffected eloquence in the poem I have just mentioned, that I shall only add on this subject, that she continued to the last moments of her life to express the highest veneration and affection to his memory, and a particular

ticular regard and esteem for his relations, several of whom she honoured with a long and most intimate friendship. 'Twas also but a short time before her death, she shewed how incapable she was of forgetting him, by shedding fresh tears on occasion of the mention of the name.

'Twas only out of regard to Mr. Rowe, that with his society she was willing to bear London during the winter season; and as soon after his decease as her affairs would permit, she indulged her inconquerable inclinations to solitude, by retiring to Frome in Somersetshire, in the neighbourhood of which place the greater part of her estate lay. When she forsook the town, she determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in an absolute retirement; yet on some few occasions she thought it her duty to violate this resolution. In compliance with the importunate requests of the honourable Mrs. Thynne, she passed some months with her at London, after the death of her daughter the Lady Brooke; and on the melancholy occasion of the decease of Mrs. Thynne herself, she could not dispute the commands of the Countess of Hertford, who earnestly desired her to reside some time with her at Marlborough, to soften, by her conversation and friendship, the severe affliction of the loss of so excellent a mother: and I think, once or twice more, the power this last illustrious Lady had over Mrs. Rowe drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to spend a few months with her at some of the Earl of Hertford's seats in the country. Yet even on these occasions she never quitted her retreat, without very sincere regret; and always returned to it again as soon as ever she could with decency disengage herself from the importunity of her noble friends.

'Twas in this recess that she composed the most celebrated

lebrated of her works, Friendship in Death, and the several parts of the Letters Moral and Entertaining. ‘The drift of the Letters from the dead is (as the ingenious author of the preface expresses it) to impress the notion of the soul’s immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good consequences, must fall to the ground: and to make our mind familiar with the thoughts of our future existence, and contract as it were an habitual persuasion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addressed to the affections and imagination.’ It may also be added, that the design both of these, and the Letters Moral and Entertaining, is, by fictitious examples of the most generous benevolence and heroic virtue, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that enables human nature, and benefits the world; and by just and lively images of the sharp remorse and real misery that attend the false and unworthy satisfactions of vice, to warm the young and unthinking from being seduced by the enchanting name of pleasure, to inevitable ruin; the piety of which design is the more worthy of the highest panegyrics, as it is so uncommon. The greater part of the poets of our country have apparently employed all their wit and art to disguise the native deformity of vice, and strew flowers on the paths to perdition. But this excellent lady (as was observed of an eminent genius of the last age) ‘possessed so much strength and firmness of mind, and such a perfect natural goodness, as could not be perverted by the largeness of her wit, and was proof against the art of poetry itself.’ The elegant Letters which gave occasion to remark this distinction in Mrs. Rowe’s character as a polite writer, are not only chaste and innocent, but greatly subservient to the interest of heaven, and evidently designed, by representing virtue in all her genuine beauty,

to recommend her to the choice and admiration of mankind.

In the year 1736, the opportunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance, who had seen the history of Joseph in manuscript, prevailed on her (tho' not without real reluctance) to suffer it to be made public. She wrote this piece in her younger years, and when first printed, had carried it on no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem; but at the request of her friends (particularly of an illustrious lady, to whom she could scarce refuse any thing) that the relation might include Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren, she added two other books, the composing of which, I am informed, was no more than the labour of three or four days. This additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

This grand event, to prepare for which she had made so much the business of her life, befel her, according to her wish, in her beloved recess. She was favoured with an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years with scarce any indisposition severe enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a distemper, which seemed to herself as well as others, attended with danger: though this disorder (as she expressed herself to one of her most intimate friends) found her mind not quite so serene, and prepared to meet death, as usual; yet when, by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, she had fortified herself against that fear and diffidence, from which the most exalted piety does not always secure in such an awful hour, she experienced such divine satisfaction and transport, that she said with tears of joy, 'She knew not that she had ever felt the like in all her

‘ life;’ and she repeated, on this occasion, Mr. Pope’s verses, entitled, *The dying Christian to his Soul*; with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious extasy and triumph, which breathe in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry. After this threatening illness, Mrs. Rowe recovered her usual good state of health; and though at the time of her decease she was pretty far advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturbed with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life, than it pleased heaven to allow them. On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed, to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour. In the evening of it, at about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, and not without laughter; after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress’s room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two of the clock, on Sunday morning, Feb. 20. 1736 7. Her disease was judged to be an apoplexy. A pious book was found lying open by her, as also some loose papers, on which she had wrote the following unconnected sentences.

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak, and let me know thy heav’nly will,
Speak evidently to my liv’ning soul!
O fill my soul with love, and light, and peace,

And

And whisper heav'nly comfort to my soul !

O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain

Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul !

Thus it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and assistance, Mrs Rowe made the last use of the powers of reason below the skies.

As she was greatly apprehensive that the violence of pain, or languors of a sick-bed, might occasion some depression of spirits, and melancholy fears, unsuitable to the character and expectations of a christian, her manuscript book of devotions contains frequent petitions to heaven, that she might not, in this manner, dishonour her profession ; and to her friends she often expressed herself desirous of a sudden removal to the skies, as it must necessarily prevent any such indecent behaviour in her last moments : so that the suddenness of Mrs Rowe's death may be interpreted as a reward of her singular piety, and a mark of the divine favour in answer to her prayers. Indeed (to borrow Mr. Grove's expressions in a letter wrote to a friend, soon after this lady's decease) ' Though her death be universally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather to be esteemed a part of her happiness. One moment to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pause we are not sensible of, to find ourselves got beyond not only the fears of death, but death itself; and in possession of everlasting life, and health and pleasure : this moment to be devoutly addressing ourselves to God, or employed in delightful meditations on his perfections ; the next in his presence, and surrounded with scenes of bliss perfectly new, and unspeakably joyous ; is a way of departing out of this life to be desired, not dreaded by ourselves, and facilitated, not condoled by our surviving friends.

' When all things are in a readiness for our removal
' out of the world, 'tis a privilege to be spared the sad
' ceremony of parting, and all the pains and struggles
' of feeble nature.'

Mrs. Rowe seemed, by the gaiety and cheerfulness of her temper, to be peculiarly fitted to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions; yet, instead of any excessive fondness for things present and visible, her contempt for what she used to term a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and the ardor with which she breathed after the divine enjoyments of a future world, were inconceivably great. When her acquaintance expressed to her the joy they felt at seeing her look so well, and possessed of so much health as promised so many years to come, she was wont to reply, ' That it was the same as telling a slave his setters were like to be lasting; or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.' And the servor of her wishes to commence the life of angels, irresistibly broke from her lips in numberless other instances. This satiety of all things beneath the skies, and impatience after the perfect fruition of God, might, perhaps, be the occasion, that in several periods of her life she had flattered herself that she was near that blessed state on which she had fixed all her hopes. And in particular, a little time before her death, she expressed to several of her friends, her firm persuasion that her continuance on earth would be very short; but without assigning any peculiar reason for this opinion. I would not presume to lay any stress on such supposed presages; but as they have already been related to the public, I thought it not proper to omit all mention of them.

She was buried, according to her request, under the same stone with her father in the meeting-place at Frome; on which occasion her funeral sermon was preached

preached to a very crowded auditory, by the reverend and worthy Mr Bowden. Her death was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable sorrow, by all who had heard of her virtue and merit ; but particularly by those of the town where she had so long resided, and her most intimate acquaintance. Above all the news of her death touched the poor and distressed with inexpressible affliction ; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loss of their benefactor, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner with which she heard their requests, and the numerous instances in which they had experienced her unexampled goodness and bounty.

In Mrs. Rowe's cabinet were found the following letters to several of her friends, for whom she had an high esteem and affection, which she had ordered to be delivered to the persons to whom they were directed, immediately after her decease, and by their obliging permission I communicate them to the public.

To the Countess of HERTFORD.

MADAM,

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me ; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and steadfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is : Thither I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world ; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calm-

ly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.

I am now taking my farewell of you here, but 'tis a short adieu ; for I die with full perswasion that we shall soon meet again. But oh ! in what elevation of happiness ! In what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty. What transporting reflexions shall we make on the advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possessed ! To him that loved, and washed us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion and praise for ever.

This is all my salvation, and all my hope ! That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence ; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good ; and which, examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but specious sins ! The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of unblemished holiness, in whose sight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement ! how desperate, how undone my condition ! With the utmost advantages I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished majesty—O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name ! Celestial joy and immortal life is in the sound ! Let angels set thee to their golden harps ! let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee !

What a dream is mortal life ! what shadows are the objects of sense ! All the glories of mortality, my much loved friend, will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death ; when you must be separat-

ed from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me this will be my last farewell in this world : heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting parting ! May that divine protection, whose care ! implore, keep you stedfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue !

Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

THESE seems to be something presaging in the message you ordered me to deliver to your charming Henrietta, when I met her gentle spirit in the blissful regions, which I believe will be very soon. I am now acting the last part of life, and composing myself to meet the universal terror with a fortitude becoming the principles of christianity. 'Tis only thro' the great Redeemer's merits and atonement, that I hope to pass undaunted through the fatal darkness.

Before him death, the grisly tyrant, flies,
He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

All human greatness makes no figure to my present apprehension ; every distinction vanishes but those of virtue and real merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar regard for such a character as yours, and gives me hopes your example will not fall short of those of your illustrious ancestors. The approaches of death set the world in a true light ; its brightest advantages appear no more than a dream, in that solemn period.

riod. The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with less regret than it would leave the splendor of a palace ; and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the grassy turf, as under the parade of a costly monument. These are insignificant circumstances to a spirit doomed to an endless duration of misery, or bliss. 'Tis this important concern, my Lord, that has induced me to spend my time in a peaceful retirement, rather than to waste it in a train of thoughtless amusements. My thoughts are grown familiar with the solemnity of dying, and death seems to advance, not as an inflexible tyrant, but as the peaceful messenger of liberty and happiness. May I make my exit in that elate manner, those charming lines of Mr. Pope describe.

The world recedes, it disappears ;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds feraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

The nearer I am approaching to immortality, the more extensive and enlarged I find the principles of amity and good-will in my soul : From hence arise the most sincere wishes for your happiness, and of the charming pledges your lovely Henrietta left. Oh ! my Lord, if you would discharge the sacred trust, keep them under your own inspection.

This will not reach you, my Lord, till I am past the ceremony of subscribing

Your humble servant,
 ELIZ. ROWE.
 To

To Mr. JAMES THEOBALD.

SIR,

THE converse I have had with you has been very short, but I hope the friendship begun by it will be transmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliss. It would not be worth the while to cherish the impressions of a virtuous friendship, if the generous engagement was to be dissolved with mortal life: Such a thought would give the grave a deeper gloom, and add new horrors to the fatal darkness.

But I confess, I have brighter expectations, and am fully perswaded, those noble attachments that are founded on real merit, are of an immortal date. That benignity, that divine charity, which just warms the soul in these cold regions, will shine with new lustre, and burn with an eternal ardor in the happy seats of peace and love.

My present experience confirms me in this truth; the powers of nature are drooping, the vital spark grows languid and faint; while my affection for my surviving friends was never more warm, my concern for their happiness was never more ardent and sincere.

This makes me employ some of the last part of my time in writing to three or four persons, whose merit requires my esteem, in hopes this solemn farewell will leave a serious impression on their minds.

I am going to act the last and most important part of human life; in a little time I shall land on the immortal coasts, where all is new, amazing, and unknown. But however gloomy the passage appears,

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

Dr. Watts.

Nature cannot but shiver on the fatal brinks, unwilling to try the grand experiment, whilst the hopes of christianity can alone support the soul in this solemn crisis. In this exigence the eternal Spirit whispers peace and pardon to the dying saint, through the agonies, and brightens the shadow of death, with some glimmering of immortal light.

Tell Mrs. Theobald, I hope to meet her in the shining realms of love and unmixed bliss;

Where crown'd with joy, and ever blooming youth,
 The jocund hours dance on their endless round.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To MRS. SARAH ROWE.

My dear Mother,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to your family, and leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust! O may the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal glory and pleasure! I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling place for many generations, bless you!

Tis but a short space I have to measure, the shadows
 are

are lengthening, and my sun declining. That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life : that name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation. To meet death with a becoming fortitude is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own ; for oh ! in my best estate I am altogether vanity ; a wretched, helpless sinner : But in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

ELIZ. ROWE.

Mrs. Rowe was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair a fine auburn colour, and her eyes of a darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect is beyond all description : It inspired irresistible love, yet not without some mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.

Her acquaintance with the great, had taught her all the accomplishments of good breeding, and complacency of behaviour ; and without formality or affectation she practised, in a distant solitude, all the address and politeness of a court ; but she learned no more than the real elegancies of grandeur. She was very remote from extravagance in habit, and seemed to have perfectly subdued the love of the vain shew of life ; in

which she may be thought to discover an elevation of soul superior to the natural inclinations of her sex, and great strength of virtue in resisting the general example of the age in which she lived. The labours of the toilette consumed very little of her time : She justly despised the art of dress and ornament, and endeavoured to insinuate the same contempt of them into all her acquaintance ; yet without falling into the other extreme of indecent negligence.

The love of solitude, which seems almost inseparable from a poetic genius, discovered itself very early in Mrs. Rowe, and never forsook her but with life itself. Before her marriage, though it cannot be doubted that she was often solicited to quit her beloved obscurity, yet she had only made a short visit at the town of a few weeks. After Mr. Rowe's decease, as a decent retreat seemed to her alone suited to a state of widowhood, her aversion to a public appearance in the world increased ; and the approach of the decline of life determined her more strongly to devote the remainder of her days to retirement ; nor could any arguments, or persuasions of her friends, prevail with Mrs. Rowe to alter her sentiments and conduct in this instance.

It has been imputed to persons of recluse and ascetic lives, that though their austere virtue may preserve them from sensual indulgencies, against which they are wont to express the utmost severity ; yet they are too frequently apt to sooth themselves in pride, ill-nature, censoriousness, and the like hateful dispositions of the mind. The lustre of Mrs. Rowe's character was not sullied by so great a blemish. She was as exemplary for every social and good-natured virtue, as for the exact sanctity of her manners ; and justly thought the sins to which the soul is tempted by its union with the body, attended with less degrees of guilt than those other vices of a graver sort, which she believed,

debased

debased human nature into a nearer resemblance to that most evil and malevolent spirit, who is represented, in the sacred writings, as perfectly opposite to the benignity of the supreme Being

She had the happiest command over her passions, and maintained a constant calmness of temper, and sweetness of disposition, that could not be ruffled with adverse accidents, nor soured by the approach of old age itself. It has been questioned whether she was ever angry in her whole life; at least with regard to those little misfortunes, and displeasing incidents, that occur in common life, which, though really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too strong temptations to indecencies of passion; she was only wont to turn these into subjects of mirth, and agreeable raillery. And as persons are apt to be least on their guard against excesses of this kind towards inferiors and domestics, it ought to be observed, that her servant, who lived with her near twenty years, scarce ever discovered in her mistress any tendency to anger towards herself, or any warmth of resentment against others, except in the cause of heaven, against great impiety, and flagrant crimes; on which occasions, some degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deserves the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

Mrs. Rowe could hardly think any occasion would justify the reporting what was prejudicial to the reputation of another. ‘ I can appeal to you (says she, ‘ in a letter to a lady, who had been long and intimately acquainted with her) if you ever knew me make ‘ an envious, or an ill-natured reflexion on any person ‘ on earth. The follies of mankind would afford a ‘ wide and various scene; but charity would draw a ‘ veil of darkness here, and chuse to be for ever silent, ‘ rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme.’ Scandal and detraction appeared to her extreme inhumanity,

manity, which no charms of wit and politeness could make tolerable. It she was forced to be present at such kind of conversation, she had sometimes (when the freedom might be decently used) the courage openly to condemn it; and, I think, always the generosity to undertake the defence of the absent, when unjustly accused, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors.

She was as unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impossible for so base a passion to enter into the human mind; and was always forward to do justice to every fine writer, and illustrious character of the age. She exceedingly loved to praise, and never failed to observe and applaud every appearance of merit in those with whom she was acquainted; but over-looked all their frailties with more than even the usual partiality of friendship. Yet, though she could have wished to have made no other use of speech than to commend worth and virtue, on some occasions a sense of duty compelled her to reprove; but the seeming severity of this virtue, was tempered by the softest arts of gentleness and goodness. In proof of which, it may not be improper to add the following instance of the honest artifices she used to disguise her admonitions. She has been frequently observed to commend persons of distinguished eminence for one kind of moral worth, before some of her friends, who were deficient in that particular virtue, in hopes they might be struck with the beauty of the example which she proposed to their imitation, in a manner so little apt to give offence.

She had few equals in her excellent turn of conversation. Her wit was inexhaustible, and she expressed her thoughts in the most beautiful and flowing eloquence; and as these uncommon advantages were accompanied with an easy goodness, and unaffected openness of behaviour, she infinitely charmed all who knew her.

Mrs Rowe's wit, beauty and merit, had even from her youth conciliated to her much compliment and praise, and from such judges of worth as might have made some degree of vanity seem almost pardonable in a lady and an author. Yet, amidst these temptations to pride, she retained all the humility of the meanest and most obscure persons of the human race.

She was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which has so universally corrupted the present age; and is justly thought to have the most unfriendly influence on the noblest kind of virtue. She was ignorant of every polite and fashionable game. Play, she believed, at best, was but an art of losing time, and forgetting to think; but when she reflected on the fatal consequences that attend a fond attachment to this diversion, she had even an horror for it. Her taste was too refined and delicate to relish those insipid trifles, called Novels and Romances, usually as defective in wit, and true imitation of nature, as replete with indecent images, which pollute the imagination, and shock every chaste mind. She would have esteemed the diversions of the English theatre (especially those of the tragic kind) capable of affording the most noble and rational pleasure, if she could have believed them innocent; but so few of them appeared to her inoffensive to virtue, that she thought fit to abstain from those entertainments, which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expose piety to scorn and ridicule. The native grandeur of her soul, preserved her from a fondness for any kind of luxury, judging it much beneath the dignity of a being possessed of reason, and born for immortality. She was always pleased with whatever she found on her table; and neither the nature of her food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her any uneasiness: For if in either of these respects it was not perfectly agreeable,

able, it only afforded her a subject of wit and pleasantry, instead of occasioning any disgust, or serious resentment. She mixed in no parties of pleasure, and extremely despised the trivial and uninstructive conversation of formal visits, which she avoided, at least, as much as decency would allow; and, indeed (except drawing) she had almost an equal contempt for every thing that bears the name of diversion and amusement, even of the most innocent kind.

The love of money she thought the most sordid and ignoble of passions, and frequently lamented its general prevalence over the human mind. She did not know her own estates from others, till some motives of prudence obliged her to inform herself, when she apprehended she was soon to leave them; and was so far from that rigour in exacting her due, which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her interest may be rather censured as excessive: she let her estates beneath their intrinsic value, as appears by the considerable advances of the rents since her decease; and was so gentle to her tenants, that she not only had no law suit with any of them, but would not so much as suffer them to be threatened with the seizure of their goods, on the neglect of payment of their rents. When one of them, who owed her an hundred pounds, carried off all his stock in the night, she could not be prevailed on to embrace an opportunity in her power of seizing it afterwards: and if he had not in this manner quitted the estate upon receiving some just menaces without her knowledge, it is more than probable that her excess of goodness would have always prevented her from having recourse to rigorous methods to eject him, and compel him to do her justice. 'T would be easy to add several other instances highly prejudicial to her interest, in which she voluntarily departed from her right, when she had the highest claim of equity.

She

She could scarce bear the mention of injustice, without trembling; and the tenderness and delicacy of her conscience, with regard to this sin, was so great, that she hardly thought she could keep far enough from it. ‘I can appeal to thee (says she in an address to God) ‘how scrupulously I have acted in matters of equity, ‘and how willingly I have injured myself to right o-‘thers.’ She spoke with much warmth of the extreme danger of any dishonest and fraudulent practice, and expressed her wonder, how persons could die with any repose of mind, under the least degree of such a kind of guilt.

Mrs. Rowe declined all honours that might have been paid her, on account of her works, by not prefixing her name to any of them, except a few poems in the earlier part of her life. The same modest disposition of mind appears in the orders that she left in writing to her servant, in which, after having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she adds, ‘charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. ‘I would lie in my father’s grave, and have no stone ‘nor inscription over my vile dust, which I gladly leave ‘to oblivion and corruption, till it rise to a glorious ‘immortality.’

Mrs. Rowe was exemplary for every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the best of fathers, as she ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderness by all just returns of duty and affection. She has been heard to say, ‘That she could die rather than displease him;’ and the anguish she felt at seeing him in pain in his last sickness was so great, that it occasioned some kind of convulsion, a disorder from which she was wholly free in every other part of her life.

When she was entered into a marriage state, the highest

highest esteem and most tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. Rowe; and by the most gentle and obliging manner, and the exercise of every social and good natured virtue, she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. She complied with his inclinations in several instances, to which she was naturally averse; and made it her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten all the satisfactions of his life. Her capacity for superior things did not tempt her to neglect the less honourable cares which the laws of decency impose on the softer sex in the connubial relation: much less was she led by a sense of her own merit to assume any thing to herself inconsistent with that duty and submission which the precepts of christian piety so strictly enjoin. Mr. Rowe had some mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command. If at any time this broke out into some little excesses of anger, it never awakened any passion of the like kind in Mrs. Rowe; but on the contrary, she always remained mistress of herself, and studied by the gentlest language and most soothing endearments, to restore Mr. Rowe's mind to that calmness which reason approves. And she equally endeavoured, in every other instance, by the softest arts of persuasion, and in a manner remote from all airs of superiority, to lead Mr. Rowe on towards that perfection of virtue, to which she herself aspired with the truest christian zeal. During his long illness, she scarce ever stirred from him a moment, and alleviated his severe affliction by performing, with inconceivable tenderness and assiduity, all the offices of compassion suited to that melancholy season. She partook his sleepless nights, and never quitted his bed, unless to serve him, or watch by him. And as she could scarce be persuaded to forsake even his breathless clay, so she consecrated her future years to his memory, by honouring

nouring his ashes with resolutions of perpetual widowhood, which with more than female constancy she inviolably maintained.

She was a gentle and kind mistress; treating her servants with great condescension and goodness, and almost with the affability of a friend and equal. She caused due care to be taken of them when they were ill; and did not think it misbecame her to sit by the bed of a sick servant to read to her books of piety. Her great humanity would not suffer her to be offended with light faults; and as she never dismissed any one from her family, so I think, none of her servants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage. She knew when she was well served, and reposed so much trust in those whose fidelity she had experienced, that it might seem to verge towards excess; yet, even such great confidence was hardly more than was due to that servant, who was with Mrs. Rowe at the time of her death; whose long and faithful duty to her mistress, and remarkable sorrow for her loss, deserve to be mentioned with honour.

She was a warm and generous friend, just if not partial to the merit of those whom she loved, and most gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a distinguished manner she studied, with infinite art and zeal, to insinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their most important interest, by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to higher degrees of the divine favour. This she proposed as the best end of friendship.

Mrs. Rowe was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that she might not be without opportunity to exercise the divine virtue of forgiveness; yet one could scarce have learned from her discourse that she had an enemy; for she was not wont to complain of any

any indecent conduct or injuries done to herself: so that it was apparent, such things made light impressions on her mind: or that she had endeavoured to efface them with the happiest success.

Her charities were so great, that she devoted the whole of her income, besides what was barely sufficient for the necessities of life, to the relief of the indigent and distressed.

Misery and indigence were a sufficient recommendation to her compassionate regard and assistance; yet she shewed a distinguished readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue: and one who had the best opportunities of making this observation, assures me, that she never knew any such apply to Mrs. Rowe, without success, when she had it in her power to relieve their wants. The first time she accepted of a gratification from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a family in distress: and there is great reason to believe that she employed all the money that she ever received on such an account in as generous a manner. And once, when she had not by her a sum of money large enough to supply the like necessities of another family, she readily sold a piece of plate for this purpose. She was accustomed, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might relieve any objects of compassion who should fall in her way, according to their several degrees of indigence. She contributed to some designs that had the appearance of charity, tho' she could not approve of them in every respect: for she said, 'It was fit, sometimes, to give for the credit of religion, when other inducements were wanting, that the professors of Christianity might not be charged with covetousness.' A vice which she abhorred so much, that scarce any grosser kind of immorality could more effectually exclude from her friendship. 'I never,

' said

* said she, grudge any money, but when it is laid out
‘on myself; for I consider how much it would buy
‘for the poor.’ Besides the sums of money which she
gave away, and the distribution of practical books on
religious subjects, she employ'd her own hands in la-
bours of charity to cloath the necessitous. This she
did, not only for the natives of the lower Palatinate,
when they were driven from their country by the rage
of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy
of compassion; but it was her frequent employment to
make garments of almost every kind, and beslow them
on those who wanted them. She discovered a strong
sense of humanity, and often shew'd her exquisite
concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their mis-
fortunes. These were the generous tears of virtue,
and not any feminine weakness; for she was rarely ob-
served to weep at afflictions that besel herself. She was,
indeed, so sensibly touched with the miseries of the poor,
as not only to send her servant to examine what they
stood in need of when they were sick, but often visited
them in person, when they were so wretched that their
houses were not fit for to enter into; and even when
they were ill of malignant and contagious distempers.
One kind of munificence, in which she greatly delight-
ed, was causing children to be taught to read and work:
these she furnished with supplies of cloathing, as well
as Bibles, and other necessary books of instruction. This
she did not only at Frome, but also at a neighbouring
village, where part of her estate lay. And when she
met in the streets with children of promising coun-
tenances, who were perfectly unknown to her, if upon
enquiry, it appeared, that through the poverty of their
parents they were not put to school, she added them
to the number of those who were taught at her own
expence. She condescended, herself, to instruct them
in the plain and necessary principles and duties of re-
ligion;

ligion; and the grief she felt when any of them did not answer the hopes she had entertained, was equal to the great satisfaction she received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well placed. She was also a contributor to a charitable institution of this kind at Frome of a more public nature; though, according to the general custom of such schools, all who were educated in it were compelled to worship God in that particular form, from which she herself took the liberty to dissent. But Mrs. Rowe was not corrupted by this example of contracted goodness, which can scarce be reconciled to that universal benevolence the gospel enjoins: her charities were not confined to those of her own party or sentiments, into which Christianity is divided; and even those whose religious opinions seemed to her of the most dangerous consequence, partook largely of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited only to those who in strict terms might be called poor; for as she was wont to say, ‘Twas ‘one of the greatest benefits that could be done to ‘mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties ‘that attend a narrow fortune;’ in pursuance of those generous sentiments she has been often known to make large presents to persons, who were not oppressed with the least extremes of indigence.

‘Tis astonishing how the moderate estate Mrs. Rowe was possessed of, could supply such various and expensive benefactions; and her own sense of this once broke out to an intimate friend; ‘I am surprized, said she ‘to her, how it is possible my estate should answer all ‘these things! and yet I never want money.’ This she only spoke to give honour to the divine blessing, which, as she was wont to acknowledge with great piety, apparently protected her from losses, and prospered all her affairs.

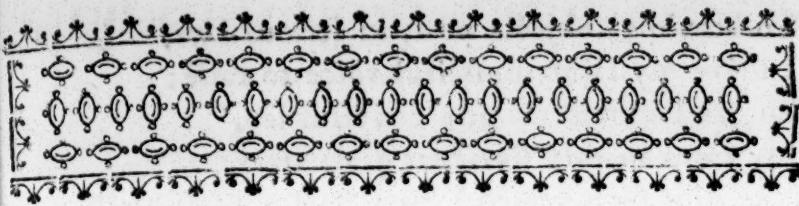
She practised secret prayer three times a day. She had

had an high veneration and love to the Lord's day, which she wholly consecrated to piety and devotion. She never neglected any opportunity of partaking of the holy communion, for which she had the highest affection and veneration. She had an inexpressible love and veneration for the Holy Scriptures, and was assiduous in the reading of them, particularly the New Testament, the Psalms, and those parts of the prophetic writings which relate to our blessed Saviour.

She possessed a large measure of that serenity and cheerfulness of temper, which seem naturally to flow from conscious virtue and the hope of the divine favour. Her whole life seemed not only a constant calm, but a perpetual sun-shine, and every hour of it sparkled with good humour, and inoffensive gaiety.

Her friendships were founded on virtue. She shewed a generous mind, elevated above the mean principles of party and bigotry. She was favoured with the esteem and acquaintance of the Countess of Winchelsea, the Viscountess Weymouth, the Viscountess Scudamore, the Lady Carteret, the Lady Brooke, the honourable Mrs. Thynne, the Earl of Orrery, Dr Kenn, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts, Mr. Prior, Mr. Grove, the Countess of Hertford, &c.

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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The VISION.

TWAS in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation made ;
No beauteous branch, no plant, or fragrant flow'r,
But flourish'd near the fair, delicious bow'r ;
With charming state its lofty arches rise
Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies ;
All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew ;
Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts gush.

'Twas here, within this happy place retir'd,
Harmonious pleasures all my soul inspir'd ;
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful string,
Now war, now love, and beauty's force would sing :

C

To

To heav'ly subjects now, in serious lays,
I strive my faint, unskilful voice to raise:
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in easy slumbers glide away;
Nor with such grateful sleep, such soothing rest,
And dreams like this, I e'er before was bless'd;
No wild, uncouth chimera's intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual scene.

The place was all with heav'ly light o'er-flown,
And glorious with immortal splendor shone;
When! lo a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air.

A soft, beneficent, expressless grace,
With life's most florid bloom adorn'd his face;
His lovely brows immortal laurels bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the
wind.

Angilio his address, his tuneful voice
Inspir'd a thousand elevating joys;
When thus the wond'rous youth his silence broke,
And with an accent all celestial spoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pause, devote thy sons,
To Heav'n the muse's sacred art belongs:
Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when death's fatal sleep shall close thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the skies:
We'll crown thee there with everlasting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
This spoke, the shining vision upward flies,
And darts as lightning thro' the cleaving skies.

*The beginning of the fourth Book of Tasso's
JERUSALEM translated.*

BUT while to bring about their great intent,
 The Christian army all their vigour bent :
 The potent enemy of human kind,
 Revolv'd their happy progress in his mind.
 His baleful eyes with hellish envy glare,
 Half-stifled murmurs show his inward care,
 And hollow groans betray his deep despair : }
 With such a heavy, hoarse, and bellowing sound,
 Wild bulls, when stung with grief, they trace the }
 ground,
 Fill all the groves, and all the valleys round. }
 Collecting all the rage within his breast,
 For means the active Christians to molest.
 Fool ! to believe with any force or skill,
 To oppose the methods of th' eternal will :
 And those avenging thunders to awake,
 That plung'd him headlong down the flaming lake
 Regardless of that memorable day,
 He summons now the states of hell away.
 Thro' all the climes of endless darkness round,
 The jarring calls of the hoarse trumpet sound ;
 Trembled the wide infernal caves again,
 And long the murmur'ring air retain'd the fullen strain.
 Not half so dreadful in a stormy wreck,
 From louring clouds the noisy thunders break ;
 Nor vapours close imprison'd in the earth,
 With such wild rumour give themselves a birth.
 In various troops, the gloomy deities
 Together came, that share the vast abyss ;
 Unnumber'd forms, and monstrous all appear,
 And deadly terror in their looks they wear ;
 With horrid snaky tresses some were crown'd,
 Some stamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground ;

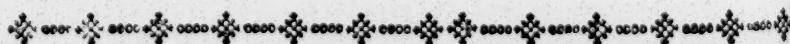
Others more curst a human visage find,
 But scaly serpents end below, and wind
 In circling folds prodigious lengths behind :
 And many a lewd, detested harpy there,
 Centaurs and Sphinx's hideous forms appear :
 Hydra, and Python, bissing thro' the gloom,
 With Gorgon here, and barking Scylla, come :
 Giants and ghastly shapes that want a name,
 And fierce Chimæra spitting angry flame ;
 And many a fiend and frightful monster more,
 With wild confusion croud the lofty door.
 Great Lucifer the regal seat commands,
 Shaking a rusty scepter in his hands :
 Nor Alpine hill, nor some exalted rock,
 That proudly stands the raging ocean's shock,
 Nor half so tall th' Atlantic mount appears ;
 So vast his bulk, so high his tow'ring front he rears,
 A horrid majesty surrounds his face,
 Its terrors, pride and growing rage increase.
 His red'ning eyes like fatal comets glare,
 And shoot malignant venom thro' the air :
 Beneath his breast descends a loathsome beard,
 His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd :
 Whence issue sulphur, smoke, and pois'rous steams,
 With mutt'ring thunder, and destructive flames.
 He spake; all hell astonish'd at the noise
 Stood mute, grim Cerberus restrained his voice;
 Cocytus flops, the snakes to hiss forbear,
 While thro' the sounding deep these dreadful words
 we hear.

Infernall gods, worthy the thrones of light,
 And monarchies of heav'n, your native right,
 Whom from the realms of bliss, your ancient lot,
 The just, the glorious cause for which we fought,
 With me to this opprobrious dungeon brought

Other

Other success, ev'n he that rules the skies,
 Expected from our noble enterprize :
 But unmolested now he reigns above,
 And us from thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
 From a serene, and everlasting day,
 From stars, and from the sun's delightsome ray ;
 To shades, and endless horrors we retire,
 Nor dare again to those gay climes aspire.
 But I th' effects of all his wrath disdain,
 'Till one curst thought exasperates my pain ;
 That racking thought I never can sustain : }
 I could with joy in heav'n resign my place,
 But rage to see it fill'd with man's degen'rate race ;
 To see vile dust exalted to supply
 Our once illustrious stations in the sky ;
 And what distract me more —
 As all too little to our mighty foe
 Appear'd, that he for worthless man could do ;
 The ruin'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
 He gave to death his darling son a prey ;
 Victorious o'er the meagre king, in state
 He proudly enters the infernal gate ;
 Within my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
 And here in scorn his shining banners spread.
 Millions of captive souls, our destin'd prey,
 He led triumphant from the shades away : }
 And, what my discontent and pain renew,
 The ancient enterprize he still pursues ;
 And when we idly here consume the day,
 To him the Asian empire drops away,
 And false Judæa shortly owns his sway : }
 Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
 They sing, and spread around the world his fame.
 Inscrib'd in brass, and lasting marble, they
 His glory down to future times convey.

To him alone devoted flames arise,
 And vows, and od'rous incense mount the skies.
 No blazing fire upon our altar shines,
 Neglected stand our temples, and our shrines :
 No more with gifts they croud our rich abodes,
 Nor fall before us as assiting gods.
 Empty of human souls our regions grow,
 While all the roads of hell unpeopled show :
 And can we tamely suffer this ? And rests
 No spark of ancient vigour in your breasts ?
 Have you forgot when in bright arms we shone,
 Engag'd with heav'n, and shook his lofty throne ?
 Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
 And ardent thirst of glory, is the fame.
 But why, you dear companions of my woe,
 In-pleasing mischief are you grown so slow ?
 Lost here in sloth and darkness we remain,
 While new allies the prosp'rous Christians gain.
 Haste then, with all the rage of hell assail
 Our dreaded foes, by arts or force prevail ;
 In all their solemn councils raise dissent,
 Ungrounded jealousies, and discontent :
 Let some the slaves of shameful passions prove,
 Plung'd in the soft, licentious joys of love ;
 And others treach'rously the cause decline,
 Confound their army, sink the curst design.



On the C R E A T I O N.

NO R yet the crude materials of the earth
 Were form'd; nor time, nor motions yet had
 birth :
 Nor yet one solitary spark of light
 Glar'd thro' the dusky shades of ancient night;

Nor on the barren wastes of endless space,
As yet were circumscrib'd the bounds of place :
When at th' Almighty's word, from nothing springs
The first confus'd original of things.
Whatever now the heav'n's wide arms embrace,,
Together then lay blended in a mass :
The dull, the active, the refin'd, and base,
The cold, the hot, the temp'rare, moist and dry,
All mingled in profound disorder lie ;
In one prodigious undistinguish'd heap,
Th' extrekest contraries of nature sleep :
Nor yet the sprightly seeds of fire ascend,
Nor downwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
A monstrous face the new creation wears,
And void of order, form, and light, appears ;
'Till the Almighty fiat, once again
Pronounced, did motion to each part ordain,
Awoke the tender principles of life,
And urg'd the growing elemental strife.
And now confusions infinite arise,
From nature's most remote antipathies :
But while against their furious opposites,
Each hostile atom all its force unites,
Their own lov'd species, thro' the formless mass,
With am'rous zeal officiously they trace,
And join, and mingle in a strict embrace.
The lively shining particles of light,
On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
The fine transparent air, with mighty force,
Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes it course.
The grosser seeds with heavy motions press,
And meeting in the midst, the central parts possess ;
While the united waves, without controul,
About the slimy surface proudly roll,
Till an imperial word their force divides,
And lo ! the deep by smooth degrees subsides ;

And lo ! the rising stately mountains leave
 Their ouzy beds ; and lo ! the valleys cleave,
 The congregated waters to receive : }
 And down the sinking billows calmly go ; }
 Part to the subterranean caves below, }
 And part around the hills in circling currents flow. }
 And now the slimy, soft-fermented earth,
 Prepar'd to give her various species birth,
 Obedient to the voice, produces all
 Her boundless stores at her Creator's call.
 A sudden spring at his command arose,
 And various plants their verdant tops disclose ; }
 The teeming ground to rising groves gives way,
 Which leaves and blossoms instantly display, }
 And every branch with tempting fruit looks gay. }
 When he again, whose active word fulfill'd
 Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,
 Commands, and straight the heav'ly arches rise,
 And kindling glories brighten all the skies.
 A sudden day with gaudy lustre gilds
 Th' expanded air, the new-made streams, and fields ; }
 Ten thousand sprightly dazzling lights advance,
 And trembling rays in the wide ether dance : }
 The sun, beyond them all immense and gay,
 Assumes the bright dominion of the day ; }
 And whirling up the skies with rapid force,
 Along the radiant zone begins his destin'd course.
 And now another efficacious word,
 The air, and earth, and wat'ry region stor'd : }
 The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
 The mighty summons of their Maker heard ; }
 And from the bosom of their native clay
 Sprung into life, and caught the vital ray.
 Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
 Millions with fins divide the chrystal floods ; }

Millions

Millions besides, with wanton liberty,
On painted wings rise singing to the sky.



But last of all, two of a nobler kind,
After the brightest model in his mind,
With care the great Artificer design'd:
Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
He form'd with every grace the lovely pair,
Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
Immortal, godlike, rational, and free:
Serene impressions of a stamp divine,
Upon their matchless faces clearly shine:
In deep suspence, and at themselves amaz'd,
With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themselves, and all the fair creation round
Survey, and still fresh cause of wonder found.

For now, in their primæval lustre gay,
The earth and heav'ns their utmost pride display.
The blazing sun from his meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded sky darts round his flaming light.
The fields, the floods, and all th' enlighten'd air,
In open day look ravishingly fair.
The bright carnation, and the fragrant rose,
Their beauties fresh with heav'nly dew disclose.
The noble amaranths show their purple dye,
Splendid, as that which paints the morning sky.
Ten thousand od'rous flowers of various hue,
In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew;
And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
From ma:ble fountains gush a thousand rills:
Thro' many a pleasant shade they murmur'ring go,
And mingle with the larger stream below,
Which thro' the flow'ry valleys softly flow;
And all along their lovely spacious banks,
Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks,
Whose charming shades might God himself delight,
And angels from their heav'nly bow'r's invite.



Here gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
Shed all the odours of a thousand springs :
Harmonius birds among the branches sing,
And all the groves with cheerful echoes ring.

Hail mighty Maker of the universe !
My song shall still thy glorious deeds rehearse :
Thy praise, whatever subject others chuse,
Shall be the lofty theme of my aspiring muse.



LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:

A

PASTORAL.

A M A R Y L L I S.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends ;
And rising night the ev'ning shades extends :
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful fields ;
And closing flowers reviving odours yield ;
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our mules may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

S Y L V I A.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim :
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme :
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove,
And while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

A M A R Y L L I S.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire :

Propitious

Propitious god of love, thy succour bring ;
 Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing,
 Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
 Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
 For him each virgin sighs, and on the plains
 The happy youth above each rival reigns ;
 With such an air, and such a graceful mein,
 No shepherd dances on the flow'ry green :
 Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring springs,
 In sweeter strains the tuneful Conon sings ;
 When loud applause fill the crowded groves,
 And Phœbus the superior song approves.

S Y L V I A.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
 Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
 When she is near, all anxious trouble flies :
 And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
 Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
 In ev'ry breast the beauteous nymph inspires :
 But on the plain when she no more appears,
 The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears,
 In vain the streams roll on ; the eastern breeze
 Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
 In vain the birds begin their ev'ning song,
 And to the silent night their notes prolong :
 Nor groves, nor chrystral streams, nor verdant field
 Can wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

A M A R Y L L I S.

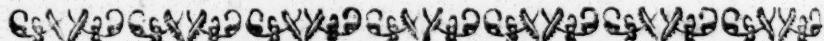
Alexis absent, all the pensive day,
 In some obscure retreat I lonely stray :
 All day to the repeating caves complain,
 In mournful accents, and a dying strain.
 Dear, lovely youth ! I cry to all around :
 Dear, lovely youth ! the flatt'ring vales resound.

S Y L V I A.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murmur'ring stream,
 Aminta is my muse's softest theme :
 'Tis she that does my ariful notes refine,
 And with her name my noblest verse shall shine.

A M A R Y L L I S.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
 And consecrate to him my softest vows :
 The charming youth shall my Apollo prove ;
 Adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.



To the AUTHOR of the foregoing PASTORAL.

By Mr. PRIOR.

B Y Sylvia, if thy charming self be meant ;
 If friendship be thy virgin vows extent ;
 O ! let me in Aminta's praises join ;
 Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
 When for thy head the garland I prepare ;
 A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair ;
 And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim :
 Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name :
 My heart shall own the justice of her cause ;
 And love himself submit to friendship's laws.

But, if beneath thy numbers soft disguise,
 Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies ;
 If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains ;
 And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains :
 May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
 The flame propitious, and the lover kind :
 May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
 And make thy beauty, like thy verse endure :
 May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford ;
 Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.

But,

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
 Permit one thought less cheerful to arise ;
 Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
 Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess ;
 And dies in woe, that thou mayst live in peace.



In praise of MEMORY. Inscrib'd to the Honourable the Lady WORSELY.

BEST gift that heav'n's indulgence could bestow !
 To thee our surest happiness we owe ;
 Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
 Which, but for thee, blest Mem'ry were no more :
 For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
 But ready for its everlasting flight,
 E'er we can call the hasty bliss our own,
 If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

Thou to the fond successful lover's heart
 A thousand melting raptures dost impart ;
 When, yet more lovely than herself, and kind,
 Thou bring'st his fancy'd mistress to his mind ;
 The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
 A softer mien, and more enticing face.

Thou from the flying minutes dost retrieve
 The joys, Clorinda's wit and humour give ;
 Those joys that I had once posses'd in vain,
 Did not the dear remembrance still remain :
 She speaks, methinks, and all my soul inspires,
 Brightens each thought, and gives my muse new fires ;
 'Tis she that lend's my daring fancy wings,
 Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling strings.

Thou only to the guilty art severe,
 Who the review of their past actions fear ;

But

But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
 Art still propitious, smiling still, and kind.
 To thee we all those charming pleasures owe,
 The pleasures that from gen'rous actions flow,
 And they are still the noblest we possess below.



*An imitation of a PASTORAL of Mrs.
KILLE G R E W ' S.*

M Y R T I L L A.

L ET fragrant eastern breezes round thee play,
 And op'ning blossoms still adorn thy way;
 Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy sleep,
 And Pan himself the while protect thy sheep;
 Thy wanton herds thro' verdant pastures stray,
 Pastures like thee, all flourishing and gay.
 And when with guiltless sports the rival swains
 For rural glory strive upon the plains,
 Still, young Alexis, may the prize be thine,
 And on thy brows the fairest garland shine.

A L E X I S.

Unfading wreaths may'st thou, Myrtilla, gain,
 And deathless honours by thy verse obtain ;
 May such smooth numbers warble from thy tongue,
 As late the skilful Melibœus sung.

M Y R T I L L A.

No such ambitious aim my mind pursues ;
 'Tis love, O charming youth ! inspires my muse ;
 Could I but please thee with my artless lays,
 I proudly should neglect all other praise ;
 Would'st thou be grateful, ev'ry grove, and stream,
 And hill, and lawn, should echo with thy name ;
 Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
 The soft, enchanting accents should repeat :

And

And if my muse immortal fame would give,
Thy name in deathless numbers should survive.

A L E X I S.

Secure of fame, he need no further crave,
Who such a lasting monument may have :
But oh ! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright Lycoris has been lov'd.

M Y R T I L L A.

Fond youth, in yonder solitary shade,
I saw Narcissus with the perjur'd maid ;
A thousand tender things she look'd, and said ;
Her ravish'd eyes upon his beauty fed ;
With flow'rs his graceful flowing hair she drest,
And ev'ry smile her secret flame confess'd.

A L E X I S.

What pafs'd before I saw my lovely fair,
Deserves not now my jealousy or care :
Had I at first the fickle beauty known,
She had been constant then, and all my own.



A description of the enchanted palace and garden of ARMIDA; whither two knights from the Christian camp were come in search of RINALDO.

*Translated from the beginning of the sixteenth Book of
TASSO'S JERUSALEM.*

TH E palace in a circling figure rose,
Its lofty bounds a sylvan scene inclose ;
Expanded there a beauteous garden lay,
Where never fading flow'rs their pride display,

A thousand

A thousand Dæmons kept their lodgings round,
 Whose arts with endless labyrinths confound
 Each passage to the fair enchanted ground.
 A hundred gates adorn the stately place,
 The chiefs of which the heroes wond'ring pass :
 The folding doors on golden hinges turn,
 With polish'd gold the radiant pillars burn ;
 But all the dazzling precious metal's lost,
 Was in the rich, unvalu'd sculpture lost.
 The figures which the spacious portals grace,
 With human motion seem to leave their place ;
 In ev'ry visage, an expressive mind
 Th' inimitable artist had design'd,
 And life in all their looks and gestures shin'd.
 Nor speech was wanting, fancy that supplies ;
 They breathe and speak, while each consults his eyes.

The story first with Hercules begins ;
 With virgins seated here, he tamely spins :
 The godlike man, who hell's strong passage gain'd,
 And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs sustain'd,
 A spindle weilds, and with soft tales beguiles
 The flying hours ; fond Love stands by, and smiles ;
 His useless club the fair Öle holds,
 The lion's rugged skin her tender limbs infolds.

Remote from this, a sea its surges rears,
 Hoary with foam the azure field appears ;
 Two warlike fleets advance on either side,
 And o'er the waves with equal terror ride :
 The flatnes which from brandish'd weapons came,
 With dreadful splendour all the deep inflame.
 Conspicuous far the bright Egyptian queen,
 Urging the fierce encounter on is seen :
 Antonius here conducts the eastern kings,
 The mighty Romans there illustrious Cæsar brings.

As when to floating isles amidst the main,
Push'd on by winds, each other's shock sustain,
And mountains clash with mountains on the wat'ry
plain ; }

With such a force the hostile fleets engage,
Their thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage ;
While javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
And foreign spoils above the waters lie.

To Cæsar now the victory inclines,
The beauteous queen the liquid field resigns ;
She flies, nor would the fond Antonius stay,
But madly left the scarce decided day,
And threw the empire of the world away. }

Nor touch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
Th' unhappy man the doubtful field foregoes,
But by his love betray'd ; yet gen'rous shame
And martial honour oft his thoughts reclaim :
And now he would the fainting fight renew,
And now the charming fugitive pursue ;
With her inglorious to the shore he flies,
And careless there, and lost in pleasure lies ;
Abandon'd loosely to her fatal charms,
Resolves to soften fate in Cleopatra's arms.

The champions all these costly wonders view,
And thro' the palace now their course pursue :
As wild Meander winds along his shores :
Now sinks, and now his silver wave restores ;
Now to the ocean runs in various ways,
And backward now in wanton motion plays ;
Such crooked paths, such labyrinths they pass,
As they the odious structure's windings trace ;
And thro' th' uncertain maze they still had err'd,
But the wise Magus' scheme their passage clear'd ;
Whence disengag'd, before their ravish'd eyes
The beauteous garden's spl easant prospect lies ;

The

The shining lakes, and moving chrystral here,
The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear ;
At once a shady vale, and sunny hill,
And groves, and mossy caves the landscape fill ;
And once itself the charming scene reveals,
And all its wise contriver's art conceals :
Nor art does copying nature here appear,
But sportive nature imitating her.
The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze,
Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees ;
The trees their branches proudly here display,
With full ripe fruits, and purple blossoms gay ;
Beneath one spreading leaf, a bending twig
Presents the immature, and rip'ning fig :
Depending on a loaded branch are seen
The gold, the blushing apple, and the green :
The losty vines their various clusters show ;
Ungrateful those, while these with Nectar flow :
The joyful birds beneath the happy shade,
In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
The whisp'ring winds, and waters murmur'ring fall,
With trembling cadence softly answer'd all :
Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters high,
In warbling sounds return the harmony ;
But falling, now the birds resume their part,
Yet scarce this order seems th' effect of art :
But one with gaudy plumes, among the rest,
And purple bill, superior skill express ;
Now imitating human words begun,
The sweet, the shrill, the melting note her own :
The wing'd musicians all stood mute to hear,
The winds suspend their murmurs in the air,
And list'ning staid while she her song recites,
Which in alluring strains to love invites :
Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
Thro' all the groves their glad assent resound.

The pensive doves in sighs their pain reveal,
The whisp'ring trees a passion seem to feel :
The floods, the fields, and lightsome air above,
Confess the flame, and gently breathe out love.

Unconquer'd yet the stedfast knights remain,
And all the tempting baits of vice disdain;
But now retir'd beneath a pleasant shade,
The lovers at a distance they survey'd ;
Armida seated on the flow'rs they find,
And in her lap Rinaldo's head reclin'd ;
Inspiring love, and languishing her air,
Unbound and curling to the winds her hair ;
Her careless robes flow with an am'rous grace,
And rosy blushes paint her lovely face.
Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
And feeding still increas'd his fierce desires ;
Plung'd in licentious pleasures thus he lay,
And melts his life ingloriously away.

At certain times Armida to her cells
Retires to practise her mysterious spells ;
The hour was come, she sighs a soft adieu,
And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.
In glitt'ring armour rushing from the wood,
Before him strait the pious heroes stood.
As the fierce steed, for jousts and battle bred,
Now useless grown, with herds in pastures fed,
Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
From former toils ; if arms he chance to see,
Or hears from far the trumpet's sprightly sounds,
He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds ;
Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
Measure the lists, and meet the promis'd fight.
Their sight the brave Rinaldo thus alarm'd,
Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd ;
Its long inglorious sleep his virtue broke,
And martial ardor sparkled in his look.

When with a friendly scorn Ubaldo held
 Before the youth his adamantine shield ;
 Surpriz'd he meets his own reflection there,
 His gaudy robes hung loose, his flowing hair,
 Clouds with the rich perfume, and sweetens all
 the air.

A bright, but useless sword adorn his side ;
 Asham'd he views this nice fantastic pride,
 And, like a man that long in idle dreams
 Has lain, deluded to himself he seems :
 Enrag'd, the hateful object now he flies,
 Confus'd and silent downward bends his eyes,
 Half wish'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
 Or overwhelming seas his shame would hide.
 Ubaldo sees the time, and thus begun :

While fame, while so much glory may be won,
 While Asia, while all Europe are in arms,
 And shake the universe with loud alarms ;
 Bertoldo's son alone exempt from fear,
 Remains a woman's noble champion here.
 What lethargy, what fatal spells controul
 Thy vig'rous honour, and unman thy soul ?
 Come on ! the camp, and mighty Godfrey send,
 Fortune and victory thy sword attend ;
 The destin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end :
 Conclude the conquest o'er thy pagan foes,
 What might can thy resistless arm oppose ?

Speechless he stood ; and now a decent shame,
 And now a gen'rous pride, his looks inflame :
 He rends the badges of his lewd disgrace,
 And flies with horror the detested place.

*The Story of FRMINIA. Translated from the
seventh Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM.*

*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess
WEYMOUTH.*

ERMINIA, by the centinels surpriz'd,
Fled all the night, in burnish'd arms disguis'd ;
And all the day thro' pathless woods she stray'd,
Of ev'ry whisp'ring breath of wind afraid :
But now the sun his shining progress ends,
Desert the skies, and to the sea descends ;
The nymph arrives where wealthy Jordan flows,
And on his flow'ry borders seeks repose ;
Soft sleep, that wish'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings !
But restless love his empire still maintains,
And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns.
At last the birds salute the rising light,
And wanton winds the rosy morn invite ;
They curl the streams and dance along the waves,
Glide thro' the woods, and whisper in the leaves :
Each painted blossom opens to the day,
With them, Erminia's eyes their charms display :
With pensive looks, the prospect round she view'd,
The shepherd's tents, and rural solitude ;
Each ruffling noise awakes her former fears,
'Till thro' the boughs a tuneful note she hears ;
The fields and floods the cheerful sound retain,
And sportive echoes mock the jovial swain ;
Who careless near the banks of Jordan sate,
Nor fear'd the stars, nor curs'd relentless fate :
Pleas'd with his honest art, he baskets wove ;
Three sprightly boys to imitate him strove,
The princess nearer drew, with wild affright
The children fled the unaccustom'd sight,

Till

Till the bright helmet from her head she took,
 Reveal'd a female face, and modest look ;
 The golden tresses o'er her shoulders fell,
 And all their fears her charming eyes dispel ;
 Her face no more a martial terror boasts,
 When thus the wond'ring shepherd she accosts.

Thrice happy man ! the gods peculiar care
 Protects thee from the wasteful rage of war :
 I come not here to offer hostile wrongs,
 To interrupt thy labours, or thy songs :
 But by what methods hast thou found defence,
 Against the sword's impartial violence ;
 While clashing arms, and the shrill trumpet's sound,
 With endless jars perplex the regions round ?

My humble state, fair maid, the swain replies,
 Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies :
 While light'ning blasts the mountain's lofty brow,
 The humble valley smiles secure below.
 From all the tumults, which distract the great,
 We live exempt in this obscure retreat ;
 The gods themselves the rural life approve,
 And kindly guard the innocence they love :
 In groves we sleep, from spoil and rapine free,
 Content with little, blest in poverty.
 This life (which yet ambitious men despise)
 Before a court's licentious joys, I prize ;
 Nor pride, nor sordid avarice, molest
 The soft tranquillity within my breast.
 Unartful meats supply my frugal board,
 And drink the pure, untainted springs afford :
 No poisons through their channels are convey'd,
 Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd :
 These youths, my sons, to labour us'd, like me,
 Attend my flocks with cheerful industry.
 Nor think these shades can no delights afford,
 With various harmless beasts the woods are stor'd,

Among

Among the boughs melodious birds reside,
And scaly fish along the rivers glide.

Yet other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age ;
I scorn'd the peasant's care and humble toils,
And left my native shores, for foreign soils ;
And in th' Egyptian court my suit preferri'd :
My suit the condescending noble heard.

The royal gardens soon were made my care ;
I learn'd the fatal snares of greatness there,
Its impious methods, and unconstant state ;
But learn'd, alas ! the dear mistake too late :
My prime was past, my airy wishes cross'd,
And all my dreams of rising fortune lost,
With weeping eyes, the country scenes I view'd,
And bles'd my once inglorious solitude ;
The smooth tranquillity, the gay content,
In which my former happy days were spent.
Resolv'd again those pleasures to pursue,
With just remorse, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which set me from its gaudy bondage free.

His wise discourse th' attentive princess pleas'd,
And half the tempest of her soul appeas'd :
She now resolves to try, far from the strife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life,
She paus'd——then thus, with gentle words, began
T' address the hoary venerable man.

If, by the disappointments thou hast prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to some hospitable cell,
And let me in these calm recesses dwell :
There quiet shades, perhaps, will ease my grief,
And give my restless passions some relief.
By thy example taught, I shall grow wise ;
With that, a tear grac'd her prevailing eyes :

Some

Some pitying drops the careful shepherd shed,
And to his cottage the fair stranger led
A father's kind indulgence fills his breast;
His wife, with joy, receives the royal guest;
Who now her nodding helmet lays aside,
Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride;
Then in a sylvan dress, the graceful maid,
All negligent, her decent limbs array'd;
But nothing rustic in her careless mien,
The princess still through all disguise was seen:
Majestic beauty lighten'd in her face,
She mov'd, and spoke, with an unvulgar grace;
An air of grandeur, not to be suppress'd,
Her noble mind and high descent confess'd.
Yet to the fold her bleating flocks she drove,
And with her native delicacy strove:
Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd meads,
Her harmless charge, with gentle peace she leads;
And, oft beneath some laurel's shade reclin'd,
With Tancred's name, she wounds the tender rind;
Each tree that flourish'd in the conscious grove,
The records bore of her successful love.
And when the tragic story she review'd,
The sad description all her grief renew'd;
With love and melting sorrow in her eyes,
Ye verdant plants, the pensive charmer cries,
Ye pines, and spreading laurels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep inscriptions of my woe;
Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial destiny.

But if my charming hero here should stray,
As grant, ye blest propitious powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry shade his name,
My secret care, and undiscover'd flame,
Long after death has clos'd my wretched eyes,
And in the grave this mortal relique lies;

Some tender sigh, some grateful tear may prove
The late success of my unblemish'd love.

My hov'ring ghost, pleas'd with that soft return,
The rigour of my fate no more should mourn.

With these complaints, she sooths her fond de-
fires,

And vainly to the fields and shades retires ; }
The fields and shades indulge her fatal fires : }
While Tancred, yet a stranger to her charms, }
Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms, }
Pursues a nobler fate in military arms.



H Y M N I.

I.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, O mighty King !
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

II.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee :
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be !

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature in its various ways
Displays thy excellence ?

IV.

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,
With silent elegance.

D

V.

V.

The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art much more fair :
 When in the east its beams revive
 To gild the fields of air ;

VI

'The fragrant, the refreshing breath
 Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
 In balmy whispers owns from thee
 Its pleasing odours come.

VII.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
 And waters murmur'ring fall,
 To praise the first almighty cause
 With diff'rent voices call.

VIII.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
 And shall I silent be?
 No, rather let me cease to breathe,
 Than cease from praising thee.



H Y M N II.

I.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of graceful praise
 To heav'n's almighty King.

II.

Ye curling fountains, as you roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
My lofty theme convey.

V.

Take the glad burthen of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.

VI.

Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
'Till angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing,
And warble consecrated lays
To heaven's almighty King.

H Y M N III.

I.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
E'er time begun its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

III.

E'er through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd :

IV.

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun,
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun :

V.

E'er through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung,
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung :

VI.

E'er men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name ;
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life !)
And glory was the same.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
 With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame
 Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

VIII.

When from her orb the moon shall start,
 The astonish'd sun roll back,
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake :

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From agitation free,
 Unchang'd in everlasting years
 Shall thy existence be.

H Y M N IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden stores ;
 Nor covet I the brightest gems
 On the rich eastern shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy,
 Men call a mighty name ;
 Nor greatness in its gayest pride,
 My restless thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms
 My fond desires allure ;
 For greater things than these from thee
 My wishes would secure.

IV.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles
 That brighten heav'n above,
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 And treasures of thy love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave ;
 O ! make these blessings mine,
 And I the glories of the world
 Contentedly resign.



H Y M N V.

I.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
 And sullen shadows fly :
 In vain the morn with purple light
 Adorns the eastern sky.

II.

In vain the gaudy rising sun
 The wide horizon gilds,
 Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
 And chears the dewy fields.

III.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
 The morning breezes play ;
 In vain the birds with cheerful songs
 Salute the new-born day ;

IV.

In vain ! unless my Saviour's face
 These gloomy clouds controul,
 And dissipate the sullen shades
 That press my drooping soul.

V.

O ! visit then thy servant, Lord,
 With favour from on high ;
Arise, my bright, immortal sun !
 And all these shades will die.

VI.

When, when, shall I behold thy face
 All radiant and serene,
 Without these envious dusky clouds
 That make a veil between ?

VII.

When shall that long expected day
 Of sacred vision be,
 When my impatient soul shall make
 A near approach to thee ?

H Y M N on the Sacrament.

I.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord ?
 Then I have all, nor fly
 The boldest wishes I can form
 Unto a pitch more high.

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's seal'd
 With thine own precious blood ;
 And ev'n almighty pow'rs engag'd
 To see it all made good.

III.

My fears dissolve : for oh ! what more
 Could studious bounty do ?
 What farther mighty proofs are left
 Unbounded love to shew ?

IV.

My faith's confirm'd, nor would I quit
 My title to thy love,
 For all the valu'd things below,
 Or shining things above.

V.

Nor at the prosp'rous sinner's state
 Do I at all repine ;
 No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
 While heav'n and thou art mine.



*A PASTORAL on the nativity of our SAVIOUR.
 In imitation of an Italian PASTORAL.*

M E N A L C A S.

SOME mighty things these awful signs portend !
 Amaz'd we see new stars the skies ascend ;
 A thousand strange usurping lights appear,
 And dart their sudden glories thro' the air ;
 A dazzling day, without the sun, returns,
 And thro' the midnight's dusky horror burns.

P A L E M O N.

And, in the depth of winter, spring appears,
 For lo ! the ground a sudden verdure wears ;
 The op'ning flow'r's display their gaudiest dye,
 And seem with all the summer's pride to vie.

U R A N I O.

Nor without myst'ry are these joys that roll
 In torrents thro' my now prophetic soul,
 And softly whisper to my ravish'd breast,
 That more than all the tribes the race of *Judah's* blest.

M E N A L C A S.

But see the eastern skies disclose a light
 Beyond the noontide's flaming glories bright;

This

This way its course the sacred vision bends,
 And with much state and solemn pomp descends.
 Sonorous voices echo from afar,
 And softly warble thro' the trembling air:
 The circling spheres the charming sound prolong,
 And answer all the cadence of their song:
 And now the sacred harmony draws near,
 And now a thousand heav'nly forms appear.

A N G E L S.

Immortal glory give to God on high,
 Thro' all the lofty stations of the sky ;
 Let joy on earth, and endless peace ensue,
 The great Messiah's born, thrice happy men to you.

U R A N I O.

The great Messiah born ! transporting sound !
 To the wide world spread the blest accents round :
 What joy these long expected tidings bring !
 To us is born a Saviour and a King.

A N G E L S.

An infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
 Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the skies ;
 The God to whom the flaming seraphs bow,
 Descends to lead the life of mortals now.

M E N A L C A S.

— Surprizing power of love !
 Ev'n God himself the mighty force does prove ;
 Thou rul'st the world below, and govern'st all above. } }

P A L E M O N.

You shining messengers, be farther kind,
 And tell us where the wondrous child to find.

A N G E L S.

Your glad conductors to the place we'll be,
 Eager as you this mystic thing to see.

U R A N I O,

Some present to the infant king let's bear,
 For zeal shou'd always liberal appear.

A N G E L S.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
 Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God ;
 Reduc'd among the sordid beasts to rest,
 Who all the spacious realms of light possess'd ;
 And he whose humble ministers we were,
 Becomes a tender virgin's helpless care.
 Thro' heav'n, but now the hasty tidings rung,
 And anthems on the wondrous theme they sung.

P A L E M O N

But to what happy maid of human race
 Has heaven allotted this peculiar grace ?

A N G E L S.

Ye echoing skies, repeat *Maria's* name ;
Maria thro' the starry worlds proclaim :
 In her bright face celestial graces shine,
 Her mind's enrich'd with treasures all divine, }
 From *David's* royal house descends her noble line. }
 But see the humble seat, the poor abode,
 That holds the virgin with the infant God.

M E N A L C A S.

Thee, virgin-born, thus prostrate, I adore,
 And offer her the choice of all my store.
 Until'd the earth shall now vast harvests yield,
 And laughing plenty crown the open field.
 Clear rivers in the desarts shall be seen,
 And barren wastes cloath'd in eternal green.
 Instead of thorns the stately fir shall rise,
 And wave his lofty head amidst the skies ;
 Where thistles once, shall fragrant myrtles grow,
 The beauteous rose on ev'ry bush shall glow, }
 And from the purple grape rich wines, unpress'd, }
 shall flow.

P A L E M O N.

Great star of *Jacob*, that so bright dost rise,
 Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes ;

This

This soft and spotless wool to thee I bring,
 My earliest tribute to the new-born king.
 With thee each sacred virtue takes its birth,
 And peace and justice now shall rule the earth.
 Thou shalt the bliss of paradise restore,
 And wars and tumults shall be heard no more.
 The wolf and lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the ox the lion's savage breed,
 The child shall with the harmless serpent play,
 And lead unhurt the gentle beast away.
 And where the sun ascends the shining east,
 And where he ends his journey in the west,
 Thy glorious name shall be ador'd and blest.

U R A N I O.

The hope of *Israel*, hail! —— with humble zeal
 To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel :
 All hail to thee ! of whom the prophets old
 Such mighty things to our forefathers told,
 Thy kingdom shall from sea to sea extend,
 And reach the spacious world's remotest end.
 The spicy isle, and *Saba*'s wealthy king,
 To thee from far shall costly presents bring.
 Thy stedfast throne shall stand for ever fast,
 And thy dominions time itself out-last.

This gentle lamb, the best my flocks afford,
 I bring an off'ring to all nature's Lord.

A N G E L S.

And we, the regents of the spheres, thus low
 Before mankind's illustrious Saviour bow :
 Astonish'd, in an infant's form we see
 Disguis'd th' ineffable Divinity ;
 Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
 O'ercame the potent seraphim in fight.
 Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love !
 Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
 Thou cam'st the wretched life of man to prove.

And thus our ruin'd numbers wilt supply,
And fill the desolations of the sky.



H Y M N o n H E A V E N.

I.

HAIL, sacred *Salem*, plac'd on high !
Seat of th' Almighty King;
What thought can grasp thy boundless bliss ?
What tongue thy glories sing ?

II.

Thy crystal tow'rs and palaces
Magnificently rise,
And dart their beauteous lustre round
The empyrean skies.

III.

The voice of triumph in thy streets,
And acclamations found :
Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,
And nuptial joys abound.

IV.

Bright smiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye ;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

V.

Illustrious day for ever there
Streams from the face divine ;
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor stars, nor sun decline.

VI.

No scorching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing seasons bring :

But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal spring.

VII.

The flow'rs with lasting beauty shine,
And deck the smiling ground ;
While flowing streams of pleasure all
The happy plains surround.



*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields,
let us lodge in the villages. Cant. vii. 11.*

I.

THOU object of my highest bliss,
And of my dearest love,
Come, let us from this tiresome world,
And all its cares remove.

II.

Among the murmur'ring crystal streams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and silent joys
That blest retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the busy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taste more pleasure in thy smiles
Than all things else can give.

IV.

My pure desires, and holy vows,
Shall center all in thee ;
While ev'ry hour to sacred love
Shall consecrated be.

HYMN.

H Y M N.

I.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing ;
Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre !
Awake, each charming string !

II.

Awake ! and let thy flowing strain
Glide thro' the midnight air,
While high amidst her silent orb
The silver moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
Are lighted in the sky,
And set their Maker's greatness forth
To thy admiring eye :

IV.

While watchful angels round the just
As nightly guardians wait,
In lofty strains of grateful praise
Thy spirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre !
Awake each charming string !
Before the rosy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

VII.

Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,

And

And paint, with cheerful splendor gay,
The fair ascending morn.

VII.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Our smiling day renews
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
With early incense bring ;
And e'er the rosy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praises sing.



A DIALOGUE between the Fallen ANGELS,
and a Human SPIRIT just entered into the
other world.

Human S P I R I T.

LONG struggling in the agonies of death,
With horror I resign'd my mortal breath ;
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And shiv'ring on its utmost edges stood ;
'Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
I hurried headlong down the gloomy steep :
And here of every hope bereft, I find
Myself a naked, an unbodied mind.
My lov'd, my fond officious friends in vain,
My fleeting soul endeavour'd to retain :
In vain its blooming mansion did invite ;
Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and soft delight,
With tempting calls in vain its flight would stay,
When forc'd by the severe decree away.
'Tis past — And all like a thin vision gone,
For which I have my wretched soul undone ;

And

**And wandering on this dark, detested shore,
My eyes shall view the upper light no more.**

Fallen A N G E L S.

Then welcome to the regions of despair ! }
Thy ruin cost us much design and care, }
And thou had'st 'scap'd, but for one happy snare ; }
And in the blissful skies supply'd the place }
Of some fall'n spirit of our nobler race : }
Thou could'st the thirst of wine or wealth controul, }
And no malicious sin has stain'd thy soul ; }
But for the joys of one forbidden love }
Hast lost the boundless ecstasies above.

Human S P I R I T.

And all was freely, freely all was lost ; }
How dear has one short dream of pleasure cost ! }
But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream, }
I should, perhaps, beyond ev'n heav'n esteem, }
Were it as permanent : but, ah ! 'tis gone, }
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone, }
And all my dear delights on earth bereft ; }
Of God, of every smiling hope am left ; }
While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs, }
For pleasant walks, and beds of flagrant flow'rs, }
I find polluted dens, and pitchy streams, }
And burning paths, with beds of raging flames ; }
Instead of music's sweet inspiring sound, }
Repeated yells, and endless groans go round ; }
And for the lovely faces of my friends, }
I meet the ghastly visages of fiends ; }
A thousand nameless terrors are behind. }
Despair, confusion, fury. seize my mind : }
But will my griefs no happy period find ? }

Fallen A N G E L S.

Count all the twinkling glories of the sky, }
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie ; }

Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
 Eternal years thy numbers still surmount.
 Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
 Thy misery, thy hell is but begun.
 As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliss had been,
 But for one darling, one beloved sin ;
 Cold to the baits of any other vice,
 Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice ;
 By this, (or all our strategems had fail'd,)
 By this we o'er thy temp'rare youth prevail'd.
 Poor, sottish soul ! below our envy now,
 For what a toy didst thou a heaven forego ?

Human S P I R I T.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell !
 Just missing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Fallen A N G E L S.

Thow know'st not what thou'st lost, but we too well
 The glories of that happy place can tell.
 There endless heights of ecstacy they prove,
 There's lasting beauty and immortal love,
 There flowing pleasures in full torrents roll ;
 For pleasures form'd, this loss must rack thy soul.

Human S P I R I T.

With how much cruel art you aggravate
 My misery's intolerable weight !

Fallen A N G E L S.

Our envy once, thou'rt now become our scorn,
 In vain for thee the Son of God was born ;
 That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
 Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
 Serves only to exasperate thy doom,
 And give th' infernal shades a darker gloom.

Human S P I R I T.

Oh ! that's the wounding circumstance of all,
 To lower depths of woe I cannot fall :

Ye curst tormentors, now your rage is spent,
 Your fury can no further hell invent :
 A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
 Their worth, till now, I little understood.



A description of H E L L.

In imitation of MILTON.

DE E P, to unfathomable spaces deep,
 Descend the dark, detested paths of hell,
 The gulphs of execration and despair,
 Of pain, and rage, and pure unmixed woe ;
 The realms of endless death, and seats of night,
 Uninterrupted night, which sees no dawn,
 Prodigious darkness ! which receives no light,
 But from the sickly blaze of sulph'rous flames,
 That cast a pale and dead reflection round,
 Disclosing all the desolate abyfs,
 Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
 Bounded with circling seas of liquid fire ;
 Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
 And form a roar along the direful strand ;
 While ruddy cat'acts from on high descend,
 And urge the fiery ocean's stormy rage.
 Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
 And weighty ruin threatens from on high ;
 Inevitable snares, and fatal pits,
 And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below ;
 Whence issue long, remediless complaints,
 With endless groans, and everlasting yells.
 Legions of ghastly fiends (prodigious sight !)
 Fly all confus'd across the sickly air,
 And roaring horrid, shake the vast extent.

Pale,

Pale, meagre spectres wander all around,
 And pensive shades, and black deformed ghosts :
 With impious fury some aloud blaspheme,
 And wildly staring upwards, curse the skies :
 While some with gloomy terror in their looks,
 Trembling all over, downward cast their eyes,
 And tell, in hollow groans, their deep despair.

Convinc'd by fatal proofs, the atheist here
 Yields to the sharp tormenting evidence ;
 And of an infinite eternal Mind,
 At last the challeng'd demonstration meets.

The libertine his folly here laments,
 His blind extravagance, that made him sell
 Unfading bliss, and everlasting crowns,
 Immortal transports, and celestial feasts,
 For the short pleasure of a sordid sin,
 For one fleet moment's despicable joy.
 Too late, all lost, for ever lost ! he sees
 Th' envy'd saints triumphing from afar,
 And angels basking in the smiles of God.
 But oh ! that all was for a trifle lost,
 Gives to his bleeding soul perpetual wounds.

The wanton beauty, whose bewitching arts
 Have drawn ten thousand wretched souls to hell,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry blandishment and charm,
 All black, and horrid, seeks the darkest shades,
 To shun the fury of revengeful ghosts,
 That with vindictive curses still pursue
 The author of their miserable fate,
 Who from the paths of life seduc'd their souls,
 And led them down to these accurst abodes.

The fool that sold his heav'n for gilded clay,
 The scorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
 His sordid heaps ; which still to purchase, he
 A second time would forfeit all above ;
 Nor covets fields of light, nor starry wreaths,

Nor angels songs, nor pure unmingle^d bliss,
But for his darling treasure still repines ;
Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
He sees some thoughtless prodigal consume.

Beyond them all, a miserable hell
The execrable persecutor finds ;
No spirit howls among the shades below
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he,
Aloud he heav'n and holiness blasphem^s,
While all his enmity to good appears,
His enmity to good ; once falsely call'd
Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpassable abyss,
To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
The blissful realms, and there the schismatic,
The visionary, the deluded saint,
By him so often hated, wrong'd, and scorn'd,
So often cursed, and damn'd, and banish'd thence :
He sees him there possest^d of all that heav'n,
Those glories, those immortal joys, which he,
The orthodox, unerring catholic,
The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
With all his mischievous, converting arts,
His killing charity, and burning zeal,
His pompous creeds, and boasted faith, has lost.



On H E A V E N.

WHAT glorious things of thee, O glorious place !
Shall my bold muse in daring numbers speak ?
While to immortal strains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs :
While ecstasy bears up my soul aloft,
And lively faith gives me a distant glimpse
Of glories unreveal'd to human eyes.

Ye starry mansions, hail ! my native skies !
Here in my happy, pre-existent state,
(A spotless mind) I led the life of gods.
But passing, I salute you, and advance
To yonder brighter realm's allow'd access.

Hail, splendid city of th' Almighty King !
Celestial Salem, situate above ;
Magnificent thy prospect, and august
Thy walls sublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
Illustrious far with orient gems appear.
There regent angels, crown'd with stars, command ;
High in the midst, the awful throne of God
Ascends the utmost empyrean arch,
The heav'n of heav'ns ; where in conceiveless light,
Such as infinity alone can prove,
He enjoys th' extremest bounds of happiness,
And was in perfect blessedness the same,
E'er any thing existed but himself;
E'er time, or place, or motion, had a name,
Before the spheres began their tuneful round,
Or through the air the sun had spread his beams ;
E'er at his feet the flaming seraphs bow'd,
And cast their shining crowns before his throne ;
E'er smiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
Or sung one hallelujah to his praise.
But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his bliss.

O speak ! you happy spirits that surround
His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell ;
For you alone those raptures can describe,
And stem th' impetuous floods of joy that rise
Within your breasts, when all unveil'd, you view
The wonders of the beatific sight :
When from the bright unclouded face of God
You drink full draughts of bliss and endless love.
And plunge yourselves in life's immortal fount ;

And

The spring of joy, which from his dazzling throne
 In endless currents smoothly glides away,
 Thro' all the verdant fields of paradise ;
 Thro' balmy groves, where on their flow'ry banks,
 To murmur'ring waters, and soft whisp'ring winds,
 Fair spirits in melodious concert join,
 And sweetly warble their heroic loves.

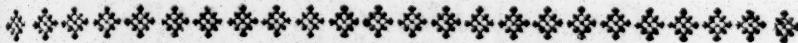
For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
 New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breast ;
 While active pleasure lightens in their eyes,
 And sparkling beauty shines on every face :
 Their spotless minds, all pure and exquisite,
 The noblest heights of love prepar'd to act,
 In everlasting sympathies unite,
 And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To those blest shades, and amarantine bow'rs,
 When dazzled with th' unsufferable beams
 That issue from the open face of God,
 For umbrage many a seraphim resorts :
 Nor longer here o'er their bright faces clasp
 Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, display
 More radiance than adorns the cheerful sun,
 When first he from the rosy east looks out :
 Gentle as love, their looks as light,
 Blooming and gay as everlasting springs.

But oh ! when in the lofty blissful bow'rs,
 With heav'nly skill, to the harmonious lyre,
 The clear, the sweet, the melting voice they join ;
 The vales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
 Redouble ev'ry charming close again ;
 While trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
 Bear far the soft, melodious sounds away ;
 The silver streams their winding journeys lay,
 Suspend their murmurs, and attend the song ;
 The laughinge fields new flow'rs and verdure wear'
 The lum'rous suns which gild the realms of joy,

And

And all the trees of life bloom out afresh,
 Dance in their lightsome spheres, and brighter day
 Thro' all th' interminable ether dart ;
 While to the great unutterable Name,
 All glory they ascribe in lofty strains,
 In strains expressless by a mortal tongue.
 O happy regions ! O transporting place !
 With what regret I turn my loathing eyes
 To yonder earthly globe, my dusky seat !
 But ah ! I must return ; no more allow'd
 To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial air,
 And view the mystic wonders of the skies.



S E R A P H I C L O V E.

I.

THOU beauty's vast abyss, abstract of all
 My thoughts can lovely, great, or splendid call ;
 To thee in heav'nly flames, and pure desires,
 My ravish'd soul impatiently aspires.

II.

With admiration, praise, and endless love,
 Thou fill'st the wide resplendent worlds above ;
 And none can rival, or with thee compare,
 Of all the bright intelligences there.

III.

What vapours then, what short-liv'd glories be
 The fairest idols of our sense to thee ?
 Before the streaming splendor of thine eye,
 The languid beauties fall away, and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat delights of sense !
 I'm charm'd with a sublimer excellence,
 To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
 A scatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

V. How

V.

How strongly thou my panting heart dost move
 With all the holy ecstacies of love !
 In these sweet flames let me expire, and see
 Unveil'd the brightness of thy deity.

VI.

Oh ! let me die ! for there's no earthly bliss
 My thoughts can ever relish after this ;
 No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
 Without thy smiles to please, or satisfy me now.



The translation of E L I J A H.

HIS lecture to the sad young prophets done,
 And last adieus, the rev'rend seer goes on,
 Obedient as the sacred instinct guides,
 And now advanc'd to *Jordan's* verdant sides ;
Elijah, with his great successor stood,
 And gave a signal to the passing flood ;
 Th' obsequious waters stay, for well they know
 What to his high authority they owe.
 While wave on wave, with silent awe, crowds back,
 To leave a clean, and spacious sandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes,
 Behind 'em soon the crystal ridges close, }
 No more revers'd, the troubled current flows.
 Then forward still they went, discoursing high
 Of heavenly bliss, and immortality,
 When from a cloud breaks like the purple dawn,
 By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn ;
 A glitt'ring convoy swift as that descends,
 And in an instant parts th' embracing friends ;
 To the bright car conducts the man of God,
 And mounts again the steep ethereal road.

The

The passing triumph lightens all the air
With ruddy lustre, than high noon more fair,
And paints the clouds, than ev'ning beams more gay,
Thro' which, with wond'rous speed, they cut their way.
Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
Th' artillery of heav'n, they leave below ;
Below the glimm'ring moon's pale regency
They leave, and now more free ascend the sky.
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
By holy ecclases, and flames intense,
Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal sense ;
With heavenly lustre, eminently gay,
Elijah, wond'ring, does himself survey ;
All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleas'd, thus, the first man,
As just to live and reason he began,
On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd,
With skies and light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd.
But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
And all the starry worlds behind them leave ;
Hark, angels sing ! of light appear new streaks !
Celestial day, with gaudy splendor breaks !
On heaven's rich solid azure now they tread
The blissful paths that to God's presence lead ;
While to the new inhabitant all the way
Loud welcomes, on their harps, his guardians play :
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

*A DIALOGUE between the SOUL,
RICHES, FAME, and PLEASURE.*

RICHES.

DE L U D E D mortal, turn and view my store,
While all my glitt'ring treasures I explore.
The gold of both the Indian worlds is mine,
And gems that in the eastern quarries shine.
For me advent'rous men attempt the main,
And all the fury of its waves sustain,
For me all toils and hazards they disdain.
For me their country's sold, their faith betray'd;
The voice of interest ne'er was disobey'd.

SOUL.

Yet I thy tempting offers can despise,
Nor lose a wish on such a worthless prize.
When yonder sparkling stars attract my sight,
Thy gold, thy boasted gems, lose all their light.
My daring thoughts above these trifles rise,
And aim at glorious kingdoms in the skies.
I there expect celestial diadem,
Outshining all thy counterfeited gems.

FAME.

'Tis nothing strange, that thy ambitious mind,
In sordid wealth should no temptation find :
But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,
Heroic glory, and a mighty name !
To move the greatest souls on earth aspire,
Souls most endow'd with the celestial fire ;
Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can inflame,
They hazard all for an illustrious name.

SOUL.

And yet thou art a mere fantastic thing,
Which can no soul satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly monuments survive,
And, after death, in men's applause live ;

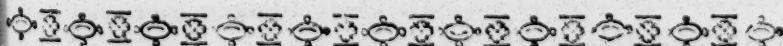
What profit were their vain applause to me,
 If doom'd below to endless infamy ?
 Sunk in reproach, and everlasting shame
 With God, and angels, where's my promised fame ?
 But if their approbation I obtain,
 And deathless wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain, }
 I may the world's false pageantry disdain. }

P L E A S U R E.

But where the baits of wealth and honour fail,
 Th' enchanting voice of pleasure may prevail :
 The lewd and virtuous, both my vassals prove ;
 No breast so guarded but my charms can move.
 All that delights mankind, attend on me,
 Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
 I wing the smiling hours, and gild the day,
 My paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my way.

S O U L.

But, ah ! these paths to black perdition tend,
 There soon thy soft, deluding visions end.
 Those smooth, those flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,
 Where all thy slaves in endless night must dwell.
 The road of virtue far more rugged is,
 But, oh ! it leads to everlasting bliss:
 And all beyond the thorny passage lies
 The realm of light, discover'd to mine eyes ;
 Gay bow'rs, and streams of joy, and lightsome fields,
 With happy shades, the beauteous prospect yields :
 Those blissful regions I shall shortly gain,
 Where peace, and love, and endless pleasures reign.

*The xxxviiith chapter of J O B translated.*

IN thunder now the God his silence broke,
 And from a cloud this lofty language spoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, presumptuous man !
 That by thy own weak measures mine would'st scan ?
 Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
 Stand forth, and answer my demands to thee.

And first, let thy original be trac'd,
 And tell me then what mighty thing thou wast,
 When to the world my potent word gave birth,
 And fix'd the center of the floating earth ?
 Didst thou assist with one designing thought,
 Or my ideas rectify in aught,
 When from confusion I this order brought ? }
 When like an artist I the line stretch'd out,
 And mark'd its wide circumference about,
 Didst thou contribute, *Job*, the needful aid,
 When I the deep and strong foundations laid,
 And with my hand the rising pillars stay'd ? }
 When from the perfect model of my mind,
 The vast and stately fabric was design'd ;
 So wond'rous, so complete in ev'ry part,
 Adorn'd with such variety of art,
 The sons of light the goodly frame survey,
 As their own seats magnificent and gay ;
 Around the shining verge of heav'n they crowd,
 And from the crystal confines, shout aloud :
 For joy the morning stars together sang,
 And heav'n all o'er with glad preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
 When without bounds the foaming billows roll'd ?
 Didst thou appoint them then their ouzy bed,
 And humid clouds o'er all their surface spread,
 Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
 The limits it perpetually shall keep ;
 Tho' mounting high, the angry surges roar,
 And dash themselves with rage against the shore !

When didst thou summon up the ling'ring day,
 And haste the lovely blushing morn away ?

Swift as my flaming messengers above,
Its gaudy wings at my direction move.

Hast thou survey'd the ocean's dark abodes,
The steep descents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
Thro' which, with hollow rumour, rush the nether
floods ? }

Or hast thou measured that prodigious store
Of waves, that in those ghastly caverns roar ?
Or hast thou, Job, the fatal valley trac'd,
And thro' the realms of death undaunted pass'd ;

Where the pale king a rusty scepter wields,
And reigns a tyrant o'er the dusky fields ?

Dost thou the pure immortal fountain know,
From whence those num'rous streams of glory flow, }
Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether glow ? }

Or from what caves the fallen shadows rise,
When, like a deluge, night involves the skies ?
How does the sun his morning beams display
Thro' golden clouds, and spread the sudden day ;

When breaking from the east, all fresh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring fields of air ?

At his approach all nature looks more gay,
Thro' ev'ry grove refreshing breezes play,
And o'er the streams, and o'er the meadows stray. }

Dost thou the clouds amidst the air sustain,
And melt the floating rivers down in rain ;
When over-charg'd, the yielding atmosphere,
No longer now the wat'ry load can bear ?

On gloomy wings the sounding tempest flies,
And heavy thunders roll along the skies ;
Around the airy vault fierce lightnings play,
And burn themselves, thro' solid clouds a way :

With water, who the wilderness supplies ?
And tell me whence the midnight dews arise ?

Or from what cold and petrifying womb
The ice, and nipping hoary frosts do come ?

What secret pow'rs in fluid parts cement,
Congeal, and harden the soft element ?
All stiff, and motionless, the frozen deep,
No curling winds its shining surface sweep.

Canst thou the clearing influences stay
Of those mild stars which deck the spring so gay ?
Or loose the sullen planet's icy bands,
Which frosts and rough tempestuous winds commands ?
Canst thou bring out fair *Maz'roth*'s sultry beam ?
Or guide thro' heav'n's blue track the starry team ?
Do all the shining, vast machines above,
By thy contrivance, in such order move ? }
If so—still thy divinity to prove,
Set open now the flood gates of the sky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high ;
Kindle prodigious lightnings, and command
The burning flashes with a daring hand—
I'll then confess thou hast an arm like me,
And that thy own right hand can succour thee.



H Y M N.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? &c.

PSAL. lxxiii. 25.

I.

THE calls of glory, beauty's smiles,
And charms of harmony,
Are all but dull, insipid things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy ;
The proffer'd world I should neglect,
As an unenvied toy.

III. The

III.

The sun, the num'rous stars, and all
 The wonders of the skies,
 If to be purchas'd with thy smiles,
 Thou know'st I would despise.

IV.

What were the earth, the sun, the stars,
 Or heav'n itself to me,
 (My life, my everlasting bliss !)
 If not secur'd of thee ?

V.

Celestial bow'rs, seraphic songs,
 And fields of endless light,
 Wou'd all unentertaining prove,
 Without thy blissful sight.



Thoughts of a dying C H R I S T I A N.

I COME, I come ! and joyfully obey
 The fatal voice that summons me away :
 With pleasure I resign this mortal breath,
 And fail a willing sacrifice to death.
 O welcome stroke, that gives me liberty !
 Welcome, as to the slave, a jubilee !
 Of the vain world I take my last adieu,
 The promis'd land is now within my view ;
 The clouds dispel, the stormy danger's past,
 And I attain the peaceful shores at last.
 My hope's dear objects, now are all in sight,
 The lands of love, and unexhausted light ;
 The flowing streams of joy, and endless bliss,
 The shining plains, and walks of paradise ;

The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
 The tall celestial groves, and charming bow'rs :
 I breathe the balmy empyrean air :
 The songs of angels, and their harps I hear ;
 And scarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear.



H Y M N.

I.

IMmortal fountain of my life,
 My last, my noblest end :
 Eternal centre of my soul,
 Where all its motions tend !

II.

Thou object of my dearest love,
 My heav'nly paradise,
 The spring of all my flowing joys,
 My everlasting bliss !

III.

My God, my hope, my vast reward,
 And all I wou'd possess ;
 Still more than these pathetic names,
 And charming words express !

*The A P P E A L.*

I.

TO thee, great searcher of the heart,
 I solemnly appeal,
 Who all the secrets of my soul,
 And inmost thoughts can't tell.

II. Ev'n

II.

Ev'n thou th' unerring judge of all,
Dost my dread witness prove ;
That thee, beyond whate'er the world
Can tempt me with I love.

III.

That thou, whatever else I miss,
Whatever else I lose,
Art my exceeding great reward,
And highest bliss I choose.

IV.

Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
And all things else bereft ;
But of thy favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left !

V.

O hear ! and grant thy boundless love's
Inestimable store,
And I'll hereafter close my lips,
And never urge thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content ;
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
I should despise the noblest gift
Thou could'st bestow beside.

VII.

Among the brightest joys of life,
I should no pleasure know,
But murmuring to the sullen shades
Of endless night would go.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon. Cant. i. 7.

I.

O Lovelier to my ravish'd eyes
Than all they ever saw,
Much dearer than the light I view,
Or vital breath I draw !

II.

Eternal treasure of my heart,
Whom as my soul I love,
O, tell me, to what happy shades
Thou dost, at noon, remove !

III.

O, tell me where, by crystal streams,
Thy snowy flocks are led,
And in what fruitful meadows they
Are by thy bounty fed !

IV.

For thee I languish all the day,
For thee I hourly pine ;
As flowers that want the chearing sun,
Their painted heads decline.

V.

Ah ! why from my impatient eyes
Dost thou thyself conceal,
Whilst I in vain, in lonely shades,
My restless pain reveal ?

To Mr. WATTS, on his POEMS
sacred to DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring streams in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore.

II.

No more *Mirtillo's* fatal face
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace
Have lost their usual charms.

III.

No gay *Alexis* in the grove
Shall be my future theme ;
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel ;
While, W A T T S, to thy celestial strain
Surpriz'd I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat ;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI

With such a grateful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong,
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

VII.

Far as the distant regions where
 The beauteous morning springs,
 And scatters odours thro' the air
 From her resplendent wings ;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which see
 The latter sun arise,
 When with an easy progress he
 Rolls down the nether skies.



D E S P A I R.

OH ! lead me to some solitary gloom,
 Where no enliv'ning beams, nor cheerful echoes
 come ;
 But silent all, and dusky let it be,
 Remote and unfrequented, but by me ;
 Mysterious, close, and sullen as that grief,
 Which leads me to its covert for relief.
 Far from the busy world's detested noise,
 Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys ;
 Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
 And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,
 Their short, inestimable hours away ;
 Far from the studious follies of the great,
 The tiresome farce of ceremonious state :
 There, in a melting, solemn, dying strain,
 Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
 And wind up all its soft, harmonious strings,
 To noble, serious, melancholy things.
 And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
 The close recesses of the sacred place :
 Nor let a bird of cheerful note come near,
 To whisper out his airy raptures here.

Only

Only the pensive songstress of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve ;
While drooping winds among the branches sigh,
And sluggish waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give
The short remaining hours I have to live,
Then, with a sullen, deep fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark solitude retire.

*To CLEONE.*

FROM the bright realms, and happy fields above,
The seats of pleasure, and immortal love ;
Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
All health to thee from those gay climes I send !
For thee my tender passion is the same,
Nor death itself has quench'd the noble flame ;
For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
And with eternal obligations bind.
And when kind fate shall my Cleone free
From the dull fetters of mortality,
I'll meet thy parting soul, and guide my fair
In triumph, thro' the lightsome fields of air ;
'Till thou shalt gain the blissful seats and bow'rs,
And shining plains deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
There nobler heights our friendship shall improve,
For flames, like ours, bright spirits feel above,
And tune their golden harps to the soft notes of love. }
The sacred subject swells each heav'nly breast,
And in their looks its transports are express.

To CLORINDA.

TIS not Clorinda's noble air,
 Her shape, nor lovely eyes,
 (Tho' matchless all, exact and fair)
 That thus our hearts surprize.
 She by some mightier pow'r invades,
 And triumphs o'er our souls ;
 At once with softest art perswades,
 And with bold force controuls.
 'Tis in Clorinda's charming mind,
 The sweat attraction lies ;
 There all that fire and life we find,
 Which sparkles in her eyes.
 In her a thousand graces shine,
 That might our envy move ;
 Which yet our thoughts alone incline
 T' oblige, admire, and love.



P S A L M XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,
 My wants are by his care supply'd :
 He leads me to refreshing shades,
 Thro' verdant plains and flow'ry meads ;
 And there securely makes me lie,
 Near silver currents rolling by.
 To guide my erring feet aright,
 He gilds my paths with sacred light :
 And to his own immortal praise,
 Conducts me in his perfect ways.
 In death's uncomfortable shade,
 No terror can my soul invade :
 While he, my strong defence, is near,
 His presence scatters all despair.

My spiteful foes, with envy, see
 His plenteous table spread for me :
 My cup o'erflows with sparkling wine,
 With fragrant oils my temples shine.
 Since God hath wond'rous mercy shew'd,
 And crown'd my smiling years with good ;
 The life he graciously prolongs,
 Shall be employ'd in grateful songs ;
 My voice in lofty hymns I'll raise,
 And in his temple spend my days.



On the death of the honorable HENRY THYNN E, Esq; only son of the right honourable THOMAS, Lord Viscount WEYMOUTH.

YE stately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
 That lately seem'd of guiltless joys the seats ;
 You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
 Some graceful tracts of Weymouth's active mind ;
 Put off your cheerful looks and blooming air,
 And wear a prospect suited to despair ;
 Such as the melancholy muse requires,
 When fun'r'al grief the mournful song inspires.
 The muses here Amyntas should deplore,
 Who visits these delightful walks no more.
 The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 The boasted hope and glory of his race,
 No more shall these inviting shades frequent ;
 What merit can the fatal hour prevent ?

Lament, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bow'rs,
 Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs :
 Decay'd may all your painted blossoms fall,
 Nor let the genial ray your life recall ;

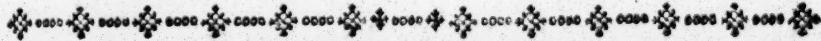
Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
 (Gay nature's pride) to crown the fragrant spring :
 Tho' in her prime the lovely season here,
 'Till now, has triumph'd round the changing year ;
 And blooming still the wintry turns defy'd,
 Nor blasting air, nor nipping frost has try'd ;
 While the glad sun ev'n linger'd in his race,
 And blest with constant smiles the happy place.

Ye tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
 Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
 Ye folding bays, and laurel's sacred shade,
 At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
 May raging tempests in the grove contend,
 And from the stately fir the branches rend :
 Nor let their shade receive their feather'd throng,
 Which chear the ev'ning with their tuneful song ;
 Nor ever here let balmy Zephyrs stray,
 And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning day.

Ye swelling fountains, be for ever dry,
 Or far from these unhappy borders fly,
 Nor let the skill of any daring hand,
 To grace these walks your dancing spouts command ;
 Nor sportive Tritons from their native course
 Aloft in air the silver currents force ;
 While deep-cascades the musing thought delight,
 And rushing waves to soft repose invite.

Let the proud pedestals no longer prop
 Their marble loads, but unto ruins drop ;
 The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
 But ill become these desolate abodes :
 Amyntas is no more ; who best could trace
 Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
 The speaking gesture, and pathetic face.
 Whatever air a noble thought exprest,
 An image met in his own generous breast.

Nor sculpture, nor heroic numbers told
 A great design, or glorious name inroll'd,
 But mov'd in him an emulating flame;
 And had occasion try'd, his deeds had been the same.
 Accomplish'd youth; why wast thou snatch'd away?
 A thousand lives should have redeem'd thy stay.
 Must worth, like thine, so short a period find,
 And leave so many useless things behind,
 Unthinking forms, the burthen of the state;
 While a whole nation suffers in thy fate?



On LOVE.

VICTORIOUS Love, thou sacred mystery!
 What muse in mortal strains can speak of thee?
 We feel th' effect, and own the force divine,
 But vainly would the glorious cause define.
 In part, thy pow'r in these cold realms is known;
 But in the blest celestial seats alone,
 Thy triumphs in their splendid heights are shown. }
 Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light
 And spotless flame, burns there for ever bright.
 Expressless pleasure, and transporting grace,
 With lasting beauty, shine upon thy face.
 By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confess,
 And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breast:
 For thee they touch the soft, melodious string,
 And Love in glad triumphant accents sing, }
 Almighty Love, whence all their raptures spring. }

RE.

REVELATION, *Chap. xvi.*

ALREADY from before the sacred throne
The seven avenging ministers are gone ;
Charg'd with the last great plagues behold they stand,
With each his various mischief in his hand ;
Sev'n trumpets give the sign, at ev'ry call,
In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A prelude sounds : The first his vial pours
Amidst the air, ensu'd by sulph'rous show'rs ;
While from their caves portentous tempests rise,
And pitchy clouds obscure the angry skies.

They sound again ; the ocean's briny flood
The second vial turns to streaming blood :
Again ! and lo ! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the fresher lakes ;
The lakes, the swelling springs, and running streams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.

His signal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the sun a livid venom shakes ;
Its beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares ;
The silver moon resigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.

Another echoing clangor shakes the sky ;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the dismal realms below,
The dens of night, and seats of endless woe ;
Ascending smoke pollutes the sickly air,
While ruddy flames amidst the darkness glare.

Now the sixth trumpet's direful sounds succeed ;
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monstrous shapes in open air to roam :
A gloomy host : in terrible array
They march along ; pale horror leads the way,

And

And in its ghastliest form before them walks ;
Behind them empty desolation stalks.

The sev'nth shrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Thro' earth and hell resounds the dreadful noise :
' Arise, ye dead, arise to judgment ! come,
' And take, according to your works, your doom !'
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
The lightnings flash, the final thunders roll,
The graves divide, the startled dead awake,
And hov'ring souls their former mansions take.



A PASTORAL.

*Inscrib'd to Mrs. FRANCES WORSLEY,
[Now the right honourable the Lady
CARTERET.]*

S YLVIA, the pride of all the rural train,
By Celadon was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
His graceful form by nature seem'd design'd
To charm the nicest of the beauteous kind.
With vain Narcissus in his blooming pride,
Or Hyacinth, the shepherd might have vy'd.
He danc'd—not Paris with a nobler mien,
On Xanthus's borders trac'd the level green.
Tuneful his voice—but Phœbus lov'd in vain,
Nor met success with his immortal strain :
More wild than Daphne, o'er the flow'ry mead,
Coy Sylvia her intreating lover fled.
Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
To gain attention to his am'rous tale ;
'Till mov'd with pity for his restless care,
Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair ;

In-

Intreated half, and half compell'd her stay ;
 Beneath a shade that skreen'd the burning ray }
 They sit ; their bleating flocks around them stray ; }
 While thus th' unhappy youth, in mournful strains,
 Of his ungrateful shepherd's complains.

Returning springs the faded year renew,
 And summer gales the wintry storms ensue ;
 But no vicissitude of joy I prove,
 No change of season to my hopeless love.
 The falling sun in western shades declines,
 Refresh'd again the purple morning shines ;
 But no kind smiles with dawning rays appear
 In Sylvia's eyes, my gloomy breast to cheer.

The silver moon wheels her pale course above,
 And midnight stars in solemn order move,
 Envy itself and faction find repose ;
 While no relief my wilder passion knows :
 Or if disorder'd flumbers close mine eyes,
 Coy Sylvia still before my fancy flies ;
 Thro' dusky groves and vales I seem to trace
 Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace ;
 I wake to new despair, and tell my pain
 To whisp'ring winds and sounding rocks in vain :
 Yet these, relentless fair, more kind than thee,
 In sighing echoes seem to plead for me.
 Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
 And the fair season calls for soft delights ;
 The vig'rous sun smiles on the fruitful earth,
 And gives a thousand beauteous flow'rs their birth ;
 The conscious trees their verdant branches spread,
 Inviting lovers to their friendly shade :
 These scenes were made for love; each whisp'ring stream
 And painted vale require the tender theme.
 Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains
 The gentle god his empire still maintains ;

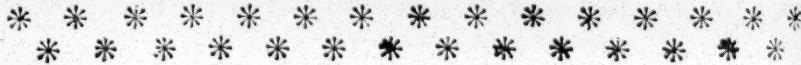
The busy city's restless noise he shuns,
And far from factious courts affrighted runs ;
Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,
And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,
Among the swains his sportive darts he flings.
Th' immortal race oft seek the calm retreats,
And for their pleasures chuse the rural seats.
In the Sabæan groves, and Cyprian bow'r
The queen of beauty spent her softest hours :
The fair Aurora too, a nymph divine,
With rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes like thine,
But gentler far ; on Hæmus' dewy head
Pursu'd a youth who her embraces fled.
Diana's self, thy boasted goddess, lov'd,
Nor still, like thee, inflexible has prov'd :
Mæander's winding banks, and Lycus' shore
Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore ;
The Carian hills were witness to her grief,
There wand'ring round, she vainly sought relief ;
Nor roves a savage huntress as before,
Her hand a pointed jav'lin shakes no more,
While thro' the woods she tracks the foaming boar.
To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin'd,
Endymion's image had possesst her mind.
On Latmos' top the lovely youth she found,
Gently reclin'd upon the verdant ground,
His senses all in balmy slumbers drown'd.
Not young Adonis ever look'd more fair ;
An am'rous breeze plays with his careless hair :
The virgin goddess fix'd her wond'ring sight ;
Above her own transparent orb roll'd bright,
And all the stars lent their officious light.
She views his blooming charms with fond surprize,
Unusual transports in her bosom rise ;

An

An unaccustom'd wish her breast insp'ries ;
 And now she checks, now sooths her wild desires,
 Approaches softly now, and now retires : }
 At last resolv'd, a modest kiss she steals,
 While Venus laughing all the theft reveals.

Thus gods and men to love's imperial sway
 Submit, and his resistless laws obey :
 And trust me, Sylvia, some propitious hour
 Shall yet arrive, when thou shalt feel his pow'r.

The shepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers praise
 Ev'n Sylvia, soften'd by his melting lays,
 Returns a smile ; then with a decent pride
 Retires, and strives her alter'd thoughts to hide.



To C H L O E.

An E P I S T L E.

FAIR Chloe, leave the noisy town, and try
 What artless sweets the country scenes supply :
 While the young year in all its pride invites,
 And promises a thousand gay delights ;
 While the glad sun his fairest light displays,
 And op'ning blossoms court his cheerful rays.
 The nymphs for thee shall deck some rural bow'r
 With every verdant branch and painted flow'r ;
 To thee the swains full canisters shall bring,
 Of all the fragrant treasures of the spring :
 While some young shepherd in the sounding grove
 Shall tune his reed for thee to strains of love.
 Nor from the soft, enchanting accents run,
 For who the pleasing charms of love would shun ;
 Such love as in these guiltless seats is known,
 Such as a slate of innocence might own.

No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here,
 No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
 The gentle god with mild indulgence sways,
 And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys.

All hail, ye fields and ev'ry happy grove !
 How your soft scenes the tender flame improve,
 And melt the thoughts, and turn the soul to love !
 'Twas here Mirillo's charms my bosom fir'd,
 While all the gods th' am'rous youth inspir'd ;
 Divine his art, prevailing was his tongue,
 While in the shades the skilful shepherd sung ;
 On downy wings young zephyrs took the sound,
 And chear'd the plains, and all the valleys round :
 The list'ning streams were conscious of his flame,
 And ev'ry grove acquainted with my name.
 No nymph but envy'd me Mirillo's praise,
 For I had all his vows and tender lays.
 Nor could such truth and merit plead in vain,
 I heard his sighs, and pity'd all his pain ;
 While Venus smil'd propitious from above,
 And crown'd our vows, and blest our mutual love.
 May prosp'rous fates attend the happy day,
 And circ'ing joys for ever make it gay !
 From thence we date our bliss, and still improve
 Our soft delights, as thro' the woods we rove :
 In flow'ry meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
 Serene and free, we pend the lightsome hours.

Thus live the Dryads, thus the sacred race
 That haunt the valleys, and the fountains grace ;
 The rural scenes indulge their warm desires,
 Heighten their joys, and feed immortal fires.
 Diana, who in heav'n could guard her breast,
 In Latmos' flow'ry fields the god confest.
 No name, but his, among the swains is known,
 Superior love is all the pow'r they own ;

Their

Their willing tribute to his shrine they bring,
 Turtles, and lambs, and all the blooming spring,
 While to their tuneful harps his praise they sing.
 Young Zephyrs bear the charming accents round,
 And rocks and mossy caves retain the sound ;
 Tigers and wolves grow wild, the tim'rous fawns,
 Undaunted, skip along the open lawns ;
 Roses and myrtles bloom, the am'rous doves,
 And all the warbling chorus own their loves :
 The nodding groves, and falling floods reply,
 And all confess the powerful deity.

The C O N F L A G R A T I O N.

An O D E.

I.

SUPINE as men before the deluge lay,
 In melting joys and luxury dissolv'd,
 'Till swift destruction swept them all away,
 The stupid world will then be found ;
 In all licentiousness and sin involv'd,
 When loud to judgment the last trumpets sound.
 Then time shall be no more,
 Nor months and years proportion'd by the sun ;
 Which ne'er again shall run,
 With vig'rous pride, the shining zodiac o'er.

II.

A sudden change the living shall translate
 To an immortal from a mortal state :
 While those that slumber in the grave awake
 In crowds, their former vehicles to take,
 Indu'd with principles that may sustain
 Celestial pleasure, or infernal pain.

III. And

III.

And now begins the universal wreck ;
The wheels of nature stand, or change their course,
And backward hurrying with disorder'd force,
The long establish'd laws of motion break.
The refluent rivers to their fountains run,
Their antient paths and well-known channels shun.

The seas their sandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Against the rocks, with stormy pride,
The angry billows roar :

Now swelling, like transparent mounts appear,
Which to the clouds their lofty summits rear,
And mingle with the virgin waters there :
Here, like the mouth of hell, vast whirlpools yawn,
And down the rapid gulph whole floods and isles are
drawn.

IV.

Prodigious thunders shake the sky,
As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break ;
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
And trace the clouds with many a fiery streak ;
While in the darken'd air
With horrid beams malignant comets glare.

Encountring tempests strive,
Which mighty winds across each other drive ;
Loos'd from the spacious cavities below,
From all the adverse points of heav'n they blow,
And murmur from afar with stormy sound ;
While burning bolts and hailstones rake the ground.
Resistless whirlwinds bluster here and there,
Trees from their roots, stones from their rocks they tear.

F

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F

V.

V.

The central fire within its prison raves,
 And all the globe with strong concussions shakes,
 As from its urn in sulph'rous waves
 The dreadful element breaks ;
 Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
 Thro' ev'ry cleft and winding fissure glows,
 And wild excursions makes :
 Its course no subterranean damps oppose,
 From vein to vein the active particles take fire,
 And toward's the surface of the globe aspire ;
 Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
 Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in ;
 Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
 Tall mountains stood, prodigious chasms appear.
 With wilder fury here

The fierce materials outward rush,
 And where, ev'n now, a level plain was spread,
 Vast rocks and frowning steepes erect their hideous heads,
 From whose dark ent'ails livid torrents gush,
 And glowing cat'racts spout :
 Like Ætna now the new Volcano roars,
 Unwieldy stones, and burning craggs throws out,
 With show'rs of sand, and seas of melted ores.

VI.

While louder still on high the trumpets sound,
 And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
 Hell's deep foundations the strange echoes shake,
 With terrors fill each raging fiend,
 The earth with strong concussions rend,
 And wide disclose the vast infernal lake,
 With all the execrable dens below,
 The dwellings of unutterable woe.
 Thick steams from the unbottom'd gulph arise,
 And blacken all the skies :

The startled sun winks at the horrid sight,
And robs the moon of all her silver light;
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
Or to its first original retires.

Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels ;
Each planet from its shatter'd axis reels ;
And orbs immense on orbs immense drop down,
Like scatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

VII.

Again the great archangel's summons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on high.
Wide fly the portals of eternal day,

To give the King of glory way :
And lo ! the Son of God descends,
Heav'n's everlasting frame beneath him bends ;

On louring clouds he sits enthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play.
And bellowing thunders with shrill voices sound :
To judge the world he comes with awful state,
Ten thousand times ten thousand on him wait,

Cherub and seraphim,
With mighty chiefs, and splendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.

And (if a muse might dare
Things so extremely distant to compare)
Like Hesperus leading on the countless stars,
The God before his radiant train appears ;
Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, solemn, and severe ;

Around him dart resplendent beams,
And from his eyes approachless glory streams.

VIII.

The waters see, and downward sink,
 The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
 The folding heav'ns together shrink,
 And with a mighty noise the clashing orbs retire.
 Despairing, trembling, mad, the vicious fly,
 And to the falling rocks for shelter cry ;
 To hell's impenetrable shades would run,
 The face of their vindictive jndge to shun.
 The shudd'ring fiends t'avoid his sight,
 Beneath the burning deeps would hide ;
 Unable now to bear celestial light,
 Or the resplendence of his looks abide.

IX.

Unmov'd alone the virtuous now appear,
 And in their looks a calm assurance wear,
 Nor hell, nor all its horrors fear.
 From east, from west, from north and south they come,
 To take from the most righteous judge their doom ;
 Who thus to them, with a serene regard ;
 (The books of life before him laid,
 And all the secret records wide display'd)
 ‘ According to your works be your reward ;
 ‘ As my reproach and cross you did not fear,
 ‘ To men and angels I approve you here ;
 ‘ Possess immortal kingdoms as your due,
 ‘ Prepar'd from an eternal date for you.’

X.

The glitt'ring legions shout above,
 And down ten thousand heav'nly guardians fly,
 T' attend their joyful charges to the sky :
 And upward now with wond'rous pomp they mov',
 Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
 With shining robes, victorious palms and crowns,
 Celestial dignities, and everlasting thrones :

Whi

While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces shine.

XI.

Th' apostate spirits rage, as when they fell
From off the ethereal battlements to hell,
To see the humble race of man supply
Their once illustrious stations in the sky.
The sinners gnash their teeth for envy too ;
To whom thus speaks the wrathful Deity.

' From me, accurst ! for ever go,
' And dwell with endless burnings, endless night and
 ' woe.
' In vain in your adversity you cry,
' Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
 ' As you were once to me.'

XII.

Like stings these fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched sinners pleas confound ;
Opprest with shame, confusion, and despair,
They sink, nor can the heavy judgment bear,
Th' unfathom'd deep to swallow them gapes wide ;

 And now without controul
 The fiery surges roll,
And hell extends itself on ev'ry side :
Where, without intermission, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud ascend ;
With flames and hellish smother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmosphere.

XIII.

Why vice was prosp'rous, virtue why distrest,
 With all the deep writ sense,
The dark mysterious ways of providence,
To men and angels now are manifest.

A LAPLANDER'S song to his mistress.

I.

SHINE out, resplendent God of day,
On my fair Orramoor ;
Her charms the most propitious ray,
And kindest looks allure.

II.

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd clime the tallest tree,
Could I from thence my absent love,
My charming rover see.

III

I'd venture on a rising cloud,
Alost in yielding air ;
From that exalted station proud,
To view the smiling fair.

IV.

Should she in some sequester'd bow'r,
Among the banches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
'Till there she was descry'd.

V.

From ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing
To Orramoor to fly ;
And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring
Along the lightsome sky.

VI.

Return, and bless me with thy charms,
While yet the sun displays
His fairest beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

VII.

Return before that light be gone,
In which thou shouldst appear ;

Unwelcome night is hast'ning on
To darken half the year.

VIII.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain
I thou dost a youth forfaze,
Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain
Thy savage flight o'ertake.

IX.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,
They could not thee secure :
I'd thro' enchantments find a way
To seize my Orramoor.

*A H Y M N of thanks,*

On my recovery from the S M A L L - P o x.

I.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my trust,
My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
That makes my gratitude and homage just ;
Let heav'nly ardor all my soul inflame !

I.

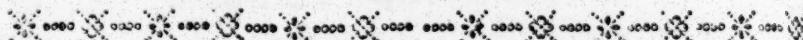
To thee my muse some tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly consecrate her noblest verse ;
Fain would she touch, for thee, her sweetest string,
And in immortal strains thy love rehearse.

III.

But oh ! what words of men can reach the theme ?
What human eloquence express thy praise ?
Immense thy pow'r, unspeakable thy name,
Thy throne surrounded with majestic rays.

VI.

Yet let my graceful zeal accepted prove,
 Since weak mortality can give no more :
 I cannot speak, 'tis true, but I can love,
 I love, and what I cannot praise, adore.



*The H Y M N of the three eastern M A G I,
 adoring our Saviour at his nativity.*

FROM those blessed regions where the sun displays
 His blooming light, and spreads his earliest rays ;
 Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
 To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.
 Hail, mighty infant, offspring of the skies !
 Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes ;
 Thy smiles presage immeasurable grace,
 And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.
 More than the race of man surprizing fair !
 More lovely than thy own propitious star !
 When first its cheerful lustre blest our sight,
 Grac'd with superior beams, and well distinguish'd light.
 The sun it's conqu'ring glories met by day,
 And lac'd his rival with a fainter ray ;
 In golden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
 While night, with all her eyes, on the fair stranger gaz'd.
 To rich Judea still it led the way,
 And hovering where the immortal infant lay :
 With darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
 And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.
 Whom thus with pure devotion we adore,
 And freely offer all our costly store ;
 Gold, as a tribute to the new-born king,
 And incense to the God, with humble zeal we bring.

Th

The spacious East shall soon converted be,
And all her splendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The sun no more, in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his lustre paid.

Apis shall cease to bellow thro' the crowd,
With gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud :
Panthea's costly gums shall smoke no more
To gods of monstrous shape, on Nile's polluted shore.

But thou shall rise in fame, illustrious child,
Of all mankind the Great Redeemer styl'd :
A God in ev'ry language known and blest,
By every bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue confess'd.

Temples to thee with gilded spires shall rise,
And clouds of fragrant incense shade the skies :
In lofty hymns, and consecrated verse,
Succeeding times shall speak thy praise, and thy great name rehearse.

And thee, unblemish'd maid, divinely fair,
Whose tender arms th' eternal monarch bear :
Thrice happy thee posterity shall call,
Pride of thy lovely sex, and grac'd above them all.



A P A S T O R A L.

In imitation of DRAYTON's second Nymphal.

CLEON and Lycidas were jolly swains,
Their worth distinguish'd on th' Arcadian plains ;
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
O'er craggy rocks his browzing goats he led ;
At rural festivals he still appear'd,
A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd :
For none like him the weighty fledge could throw,
Or manage with more dextrous art the bow ;

In wrestling skill'd, and foremost in the race,
 Advent'rous still, and eager for the chace ;
 Thro' savage woods, o'er hills with summits hoar,
 Arm'd with a spear, he trac'd the tusky boar.

But Lycidas among the nymphs was bred,
 The flow'ry vales he sought, and verdant mead,
 And there, by curling streams, his flocks were fed.
 His goodly stature, and well-featur'd face,
 Of ev'ry shepherdess obtain'd the grace.
 His flaxen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
 Beneath his shoulders carelessly hung down.
 Whene'er he danc'd, Apollo's self was seen,
 In the proportion'd step, and graceful mien ;
 He spoke so fine, so artfully he sung,
 None but Myrtilla could resist his tongue.
 No charms but her's his numbers could inspire :
 The nymph was fam'd, a sylvan god her sire.
 Her mother of the Naiads beauteous race ;
 From her she took the sweetness of her face.
 Not Venus' self could boast a face more fair,
 More rosy lips, or more enticing hair.
 Her blcoming innocence, her lovely eyes,
 And perfect shape, did ev'ry heart surprise.
 Her voice cou'd ev'n a rising torrent stay,
 A hungry lion's fiercest rage allay,
 And keep the list'ning savage from his prey.
 The maid by gentle Lycidas was lov'd,
 Nor wilder Cleon less enamour'd prov'd,
 The lovers both attend the usual hour,
 That brought Myrtilla from her fragrant bow'r,
 To breathe the balmy morning's pleasant air ;
 When full of warm desires the swains prepare,
 With songs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair.

LYCIDAS

A snowy lamb I've bred, so full of play,
 'Twill entertain my shepherdess all day ;

To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
 From thy fair hands alone to take its food ;
 Then to express its joy, with many a bound
 And airy brisk, 'twill seem to scorn the ground :
 And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
 If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

C L E O N.

My proffers now, and artless language hear,
 And turn from his smooth tales thy list'ning ear.
 For I can boast a kid more white than milk,
 And softer far than the Siberian silk ;
 Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
 And at your feet, whene'er you sit, will lie ;
 If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
 'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the race:
 And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
 To quit my rival, and to live with me.

M Y R T I L L A.

Have you, indeed, such valu'd things in store,
 And never boasted of your wealth before ?
 Your offers, gentle youths, I own most fair,
 And such a kid or lamb are wond'rous rare.
 What virtue so severe, what maid so vain,
 Such lovers, and such presents to disdain ?
 Yet Minx, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
 As many tricks as both of them shall ply.

L Y C I D A S.

But I two sparrows will on thee bestow,
 Their plumes unsoil'd, and white as falling snow ;
 Venus herself had warm'd them in her breast,
 Had her unlucky son but found the nest.
 The sprightly birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
 And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy hand ;
 Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
 And, if permitted, in thy bosom sleep.

CLEON.

Fair nymph, his boasted sparrows do not mind,
 As good in ev'ry common bush I'll find.
 But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
 With shirring plumes, and nicely chequer'd wing ;
 Their changing necks more various colours show,
 Than Iris paints on the celestial bow ;
 Should Cytheræa on them cast an eye,
 The birds she'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRTILLA.

With such fine doves and sparrows will you part,
 Unthinking youths ! to gain a trifling heart ?
 On Venus, who so well their worth must know,
 The wond'rous birds you'd better far bestow,
 Your costly zeal the goddess may reward,
 And your soft vows propitiously regard.

LYCIDAS.

To crown thy temples, garlands I'll compose
 Of full blown lillies, and the budding rose ;
 With those the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
 And blushing pinks, and purple vi'lets join ;
 Fresh nosegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
 Made up of all the sweetnes of the spring.

CLEON.

His wreaths and painted nosegays will decay,
 And lose their proudest beauty in a day :
 But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks ;
 As towards the beach I lately drove my flocks,
 Three coral-springs I found among the rocks :
 These nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
 As little ornaments may serve my fair.

MYRTILLA.

With yellow hyacinths, pinks and vi'lets blue,
 In garlands wreath'd, and painted nosegays too,
 With coral-sprigs so deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
 A lady of the May I shall out-shine.

But while I trim my braided locks so gay,
And waste in dressing half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would thus neglected stray.

LYCIDAS.

As on Alpheus' bank my sheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed ;
So closely wrought, and twisted round the sides,
That on the dancing wave secure it rides :
In this, if thou wilt try the silver stream,
Another sea-born goddess thou shalt seem ;
While twelve white swans, with wreathing woodbines
 ty'd,
And tassell'd flow'rs, the floating pomp shall guide.

CLEON.

On yonder hill, with lofty forests crown'd,
A nymph of bright Diana's train I found,
Who from her sisters heedlessly had stray'd ;
And by a brutal Satyr seiz'd, the maid
On her chaste goddess call'd aloud for aid :
I to her succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monster flew.
On me the grateful virgin would bestow
Her painted quiver, and her polish'd bow.
The bow and gilded shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worthy of Diana's hand :
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods shalt rove,
And seem another goddess of the grove.

MYRTILLA.

Thro' savage woods to hunt wild beasts with thee,
To love must needs a mighty motive be ;
But I the dang'rous pleasure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddess of the grove :
Nor less I fear to try the promis'd boat,
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by swans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd :

Rather

Rather secure thro' peaceful vales I'd stray,
 And watch my flocks in humble shades all day.
 But if a tender thought could warm my breast,
 In two such worthy lovers I were blest ;
 Whose merits with such equal claims appear ;
 That 'twere injustice either to prefer ;
 While both rejected, both must be content ;
 And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
 But that, like me, an hour you've idly spent.

An ODE on BEAUTY.

I.

BEAUTY, my soft transporting theme,
 Assist my muse, and all my soul inflame ;
 With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
 Exalt my fancy, and my bosom warm.

Thou canst the coldest breast inspire
 With sacred rapture, and refin'd desire :
 Nor glory, friendship, wealth or liberty,
 Attract and charm like thee.

The prince, the swain, the tim'rous, and the brave,
 Thou, by a sov'reign title, dost inslave :
 Thee, ev'n the saint and libertine obey,
 And uncontroll'd and boundless is thy sway.

II

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
 In ecclacies sublime,
 Far from the sensual crowd retir'd,
 Spends all his happy time ;
 While smiling forms, and glorious visions roll
 Uninterrupted thro' his ravish'd soul.

III.

Nor human minds alone thy pow'r confess,
 A kind of homage brutes themselves express ;
 Vanquish'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
 And harmless o'er the Libyan deserts stray.

IV.

With admiration, ecstasy, and love,
 Thou fill'st the num'rous shining worlds above :
 There are thy triumphs shown,

For thee each heav'nly lyre is strung ;
 Thy force to no celestial breast unknown,
 Is the perpetual subject of their song.

V.

The mighty Being whom we all adore,
 Immortal Beauty, owns thy pow'r :
 A whole eternity roll'd on,
 While with his own supreme perfections he
 Solac'd himself, immensely blest in thee,
 And pleas'd with the bright images which shone
 In his own beatific mind,
 He all things visible by them design'd,
 And after those complete ideas wrought.

When from the black abyss of night
 He drew the beauteous light,
 And comely order from confusion brought ;
 He rais'd the sparkling arches of the skies,
 And bad the sun in golden splendor rise ;
 He gave the moon her silver blaze,
 And lent the glimm'ring stars their rays.
 To him the morning owes her crimson vest ;
 His skill with flow'rs the smiling valleys drest,
 And cloath'd with various furs the beast ;
 In shining scales he arm'd the finny race,
 And gave the painted birds their plumy grace.

Not here creation ceas'd ;
 With the great work th' almighty Maker pleas'd,

Still

Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
 He man with godlike faculties design'd :
 Surveying then the universe around,
 The universe his approbation found,
 In ev'ry part with perfect Beauty crown'd.



On L O V E.

VENUS, the beauteous offspring of the day,
 From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray ;
Awake the gentlest passions in my breast,
And be thy power thro' all my soul confess.
 From faithless waves thou art but feign'd to rise,
 Nor gloomy Saturn gave thee to the skies ;
 No wanton crowds at Cyprus thee invok'd,
 Nor impious incense on the altars smoak'd.

Divine thy lineage, thy resplendent star,
 With cheerful glory glads the fields of air :
 From thee the sweet, the fertile spirits flows,
 That (source of life) thro' total nature glows,
 And bids her jarring parts one beauteous ALL com-
 pose.

The poets justly would thy pomp display,
 In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the sea :
 While all the ranks of life, or sense, that rise
 In fields, or floods, or thro' the spacious skies,
 Confess the force of thy inspiring flame,
 And pay their homage to thy mighty name.

To Mrs. ARABELLA MARROW, in the COUNTRY.

W HATEVER delights the verdant field,
The grove, and mossy fountain yield ;
Whate'er the gentle, blooming spring,
Or summer in their glory bring ;
Let them all conspire to bless
Belinda, in her soft recess.
All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
Salute her in your artless song.
Ye Zephyrs flying thro' the vales,
Meet her with your fragrant gales ;
Ye purling brooks, indulge her sleep,
And gently by your borders creep.
Whene'er she wanders o'er the green,
Let all Arcadia there be seen.
May the charming visions rise,
That dance before the poet's eyes,
When the solitary muse
Does rural shades its subject chuse ;
While nymphs, like Stairs, adorn the scene,
Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien.

Hence ye gilded toys of state,
Ye formal tollies of the great,
Nor e'er disturb this peacefulfeat.
No sound of faction hither fly,
Ambition, hate, or jealousy.
No envious tattle enter here,
That wrongs the innocent and fair :
But let the graces and the loves
Wander round these gentle groves,
And banish from Belinda's breast,
Whatever may her joys molest ;
While here she finds that soft repose,
Which from virtue only flows.

A PASTORAL.

IN vain my muse would imitate the strains
Which charm'd the nymphs on Windsor's verdant
plains ;
Where Pope, with wond'rous art in tuneful lays,
Won from Apollo's hand immortal bays.

The morning scarce appear'd, when Phillis rose,
And call'd Aminta from a short repose ;
With cautious steps they left the peaceful bow'r,
Both, by appointment, chose the silent hour ;
To tell, in rural strains, their mutual care,
And the soft secret of their breasts to share :
Securely seated near a purling stream,
By turns they sing, while love supplies the theme.

PHILLIS.

The starry lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the shades from open plains retir'd ;
The tuneful lark has hardly stretch'd her wing,
And warbling linnets just begin to sing ;
Nor yet industrious bees their hives forsake,
Nor skim the fish the surface of the lake.

AMINTA.

Nor yet the flow'rs disclose their various hue,
But fold their leaves, opprest with hoary dew ;
Blue mists around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And dusky fogs hang o'er the murmur'ring rills ;
While Zephyr faintly sighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze :
No jovial pipe resounds along the plains,
Safe in their hamlets sleep the drowsy twains.

PHILLIS.

For me Mirtilla sighs, the charming youth
Perswades with so much eloquence and truth,
Whene'er he talks, my flocks unheeded stray ;
To hear him I could linger out the day,

Untir'd 'till night, 'till all the stars were gone,
 'Till o'er the eastern hills the morn came on.

AMINTA.

For me Silvander pines, as full of truth,
 In secret too, perhaps, I love the youth ;
 Yet treat him ill, while with dissembling pride
 I mock his vows, his soft complaints deride ;
 And fly him swifter than a sporting fawn
 Skips thro' the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

PHILIPS.

Unpractis'd in the turns of female art,
 My looks declare the meaning of my heart ;
 To own so just and innocent a flame,
 Can fix no blemish on a virgin's name :
 When first my lips the tender truth express'd,
 A thousand joys Mirtillo's eyes confess'd.

AMINTA.

No boasting swain such truths from me shall hear,
 Such words shall never reach Silvander's ear,
 With Iphis once, his favour'd dog, I play'd,
 Which from his master thro' the woods had stray'd ;
 Still on the path my watchful eyes I kept,
 When from the thicket the pleas'd owner stept ;
 His smiling looks an inward joy confess'd,
 To find by me the darling dog caress'd :
 Surpriz'd from off my lap his dog I threw,
 And swift as lightning thro' the forest flew.

PHILIPS.

Whene'er Mirtillo's sportive kid I find,
 With wreathing flowers his twisted horns I bind,
 And fondly stroak him in his master's sight,
 Nor e'er abuse the harmless thing in spight,
 Or think the guiltless favour worth my flight.

AMINTA.

The nymphs and swains Apollo's revels grac'd,
 In sprightly dances the smooth green they trac'd ;

Sil-

Silvander begg'd I would his partner stand,
I turn'd, and gave to Corilas my hand.

P H I L L I S.

I to Mirtillo did my hand refuse ;
But after that no other swain would chuse ;
At Cynthia's revels Hylas strove in vain,
And Lycidas the favour to obtain.

A M I N T A.

A basket of the finest rushes wrought,
With jess'min, pinks, and purple vi'lets fraught,
With modest zeal, to me Silvander brought :
His present I rejected with disdain,
And threw the fragrant treasures on the plain.
Soon as the youth retir'd, with wond'rous care
I search'd them round, nor would one blossom spare ;
With some, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my bosom plac'd.

P H I L L I S.

Fresh sprigs of myrtle oft my breast adorn,
And roses gather'd in a dewy morn :
Of all the garden's flow'ry riches, these
Mirtillo loves, and I his fancy please.

A M I N T A.

Silvander told a secret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear ;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliss,
And in the am'rous whisper stole a kiss.
My rising blushes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda scarce from laughing out withheld ;
I left the shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his rival in discourse engag'd.

P H I L L I S.

In yonder bow'r I sate, when towards the place
Mirtillo hasten'd with a lover's pace ;
I feign'd myself to careless sleep resign'd,
My head against a mossy bank reclin'd ;

Approaching near, sweet may thy slumbers be,
 He softly cried, and all thy dreams of me!
 I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
 But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

A M I N T A.

When in the echoing vale Silvander plays,
 And on his reed performs his rural lays,
 Behind the shading trees I oft' retire,
 And undiscove'd, the sweet notes admire :
 But when in public I his numbers heard,
 To his, unskilful Egon's I preferr'd :
 Tho' with the swan's expiring melody,
 The cuckow's tiresome note as well may vye.

P H I L L I S.

Whate'er Mirt illo dictates meets applause,
 His voice attention still as midnight draws ;
 His voice more gentle than the summer's breeze,
 That mildly whispers thro' the trembling trees ;
 Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
 Or murmur'ring currents as they roll along ;
 Without disguise the skilful youth I praise,
 Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

*On the death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.*

IN what soft language shall my thoughts get free,
 My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee ?
 Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train
 Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain !
 But why should I implore your moving art ?
 'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart.
 And all that knew the charming youth will join
 Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine :

For

For all that knew his merit must confess,
In grief for him there can be no excess.

His soul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And shone with more than its own native light.
Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The just, the active, and the constant friend,
Was all his own—but oh! a dearer name,
And softer ties an endless sorrow claim;
Lost in despair, distract'd, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender husband mourn.
Whate'er to such superior worth was due,
Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My prayers themselves were thine, and only where
Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.
Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;
My warmest vows to Heav'n were made for thee,
And love still mingled with my piety.

O thou wast all my glory, all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant guide:
Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,
Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known,
Or why has Heav'n disolv'd the tie so soon?
Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?
Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk—'twas ecstasy to hear,
'twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!

Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and transporting as the muse's song :
List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,
And love, and silent rapture fill'd my breast ;
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only measur'd by delight ;
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents still,
And still the kind, the tender transport feel :
Again I see the tender passion rise,
And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah ! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace :
The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
And scenes of horror swim before my sight,
Grief and despair in all their terrors rise,
A dying lover pale and gasping lies ;
Each dismal circumstance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new :
His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,
And hear this sad, this moving language still.

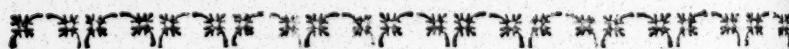
My dearest wife ! my last, my fondest care !
Sure Heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r :
Be thou the charge of sacred Providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence ;
Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,
My future fame and honour are thy trust.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel :
But haste to meet me on those happy plains :
Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He ceas'd ; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming sacrifice to death :

But,

But, oh ! what words, what numbers can express,
 What thought conceive the height of my distress ?
 Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay ?
 I should have staid and wept my life away.
 Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove
 Thro' some blest vale, or ever verdant grove ;
 One moment listen to my grief, and take
 The softest vows that constant love can make.

For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,
 For thee my tears shall never cease to flow ;
 For thee at once I from the world retire,
 To feed in silent shades a hopeless fire.
 My bosom all thy image shall retain,
 The full impression there shall still remain.
 As thou has taught my constant heart to prove
 The noblest height and elegance of love ;
 That sacred passion I to thee confine,
 My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.



*On the anniversary return of the day on which
 Mr R O W E died.*

UNHAPPY day ! with what a dismal light
 Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight ?
 In vain the cheerful spring returns with thee,
 There is no future cheerful spring for me.

While my Alexis withers in the tomb,
 Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom,
 The fairest season of the changing year,
 A wild and wintry aspect seems to wear ;
 The flow'rs no more their former beauty boast,
 Their painted hue, and fragrant scents are lost ;
 The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
 But, oh ! I find no music in their song.

Ye mossy caves, ye groves, and silver streams,
(The muses lov'd retreats, and gentle themes)
Ye verdant fields, no more your landscapes please,
Nor give my soul one interval of ease ;
Tranquility and pleasure fly your shades,
And restless care your solitude invades.
Nor the still ev'ning, nor the rosy dawn,
Nor moon light glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy clear ;
But heav'n and earth a dismal prospect wear :
That hour that snatch'd Alexis from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

Unhappy day ! be sacred still to grief,
A grief too obstinate for all relief ;
On thee, my face shall never wear a smile,
No joy, on thee, shall e'er my heart beguile.
Why does thy light again my eyes molest ?
Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest ?
When shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead ?





THE
HISTORY of JOSEPH;
A
POEM.

BOOK I.

An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Description of the Temple of Moloch, in the Valley of Hinnon, where a Congress of infernal Powers are met to contrive some Dietlud to extirpate the Hebrew Race.

C ELESTIAL Muse that on the blissful plain
Art oft invok'd, to guile h' immortal strain;
Inspir'd by thee, the first born sons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight:
Pleas'd with thy voice, the spheres began their round,
The morning stars danc'd to the charming sound;
Yet thou hast often left the crystal tow'rs,
To visit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee the courtly swain of old,
Beneath mount Horeb sacred wonders told,
Of boundless chaos, and primæval night,
The springs of motion and the seeds of light.
The sun flood still, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation of the balanc'd earth.

The

The moon on high check'd her nocturnal car,
 And list'ning staid, with ev'ry ling'ring star.
 The hills around, and lofty Sinah heard
 By whose command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.
 The flow'rs their gay original attend ;
 Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.
 The fountains rose, the streams their course withheld,
 To hear the ocean's wond'rous source reveal'd.
 The birds sit silent on the branches near,
 The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
 The swains forgot their labour while he sung,
 How, from the dust, their great forefather sprung :
 A vital call awoke him from the ground,
 The moving clay obey'd th' almighty sound.
 Thus sung in lofty strains the noble bard ;
 The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious Muse, a gentler fire
 Didst breathe, and tune to softer notes the lyre,
 When royal Lebanon heard the am'rous king
 The beauties of his lov'd Egyptian sing :
 The sacred lays a mystic sense infold,
 And things divine in human types were told.
 Disdain not, gentle pow'r, my song to grace,
 While I the paths of heav'nly justice trace ;
 And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
 Renown'd for honour, and unblemish'd truth.

Let others tell of ancient conquests won,
 And mighty deeds by favour'd heroes done ;
 (Heroes enslav'd to pride, and wild desires)
 A virgin Muse, a virgin theme requires ;
 Where vice and wanton beauty quit the field,
 And guilty loves to stedfast virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour blest,
 Leaving the fertile regions of the East,
 (Where Haran, then a noble city, stood,
 Between fair Tigris, and Euphrates' flood)

From Laban fled, and by divine command
 Pursu'd his journey to his native land.
 Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
 His wives, his children, and his household store :
 Of purchas'd slaves he led an endless train,
 His flocks and herds engross'd the wide champain.

The shepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
 His sons the same industrious life pursue ;
 The God his pious ancestors ador'd,
 Th' almighty God, at Bethel, he implor'd :
 An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
 Where twice the radiant vision had appear'd ;
 The pow'rs of hell the dreadful omen fear'd :
 Each demon trembles in his hollow shrine,
 The raving priests amazing things divine.

In Hinnon's vale a fane to Moloch stood,
 Around it rose a consecrated wood ;
 Whose mingled shades excluded noon-day light,
 And made below uninterrupted night.
 Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,
 The mansion of the sullen king disclose ;
 Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard ;
 Within the cries of infant ghosts were heard ;
 On seven high altars rise polluted fires,
 While human victims feed the ruddy spires.
 The place, Gehenna call'd, resembled well
 The native gloom and dismal vaults of hell.
 'Twas night, and goblins in the darkness danc'd,
 The priests in frantick visions lay entranc'd ;
 While here conven'd the Pagan terrors sat,
 In solemn council, and mature debate,
 T' avert the storm impending o'er their state.
 Th' apostate princes with resentment fir'd,
 Anxious, and bent on black designs, conspir'd
 To find out felonie, successful to efface
 Great Heber's name, and crush the facied race ;

From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
 Th' infernal empire's destin'd foe should spring ;
 Who conq'ror o'er their vanquish'd force should tread,
 And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
 Th' affair their deepest policy commands,
 And brought them hither, from remotest lands ;
 From Ur, Armenia, and Iberia's shores,
 From Nile, and Ophir rich with golden ores,
 And where the Adrian wave, and where th' Atlantiek
 roars. }

Nesroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
 With snowy steeds : him at the rising dawn
 The Syrian worships from his airy hills,
 Whose vales with wealth the fam'd Araxis fills.
 Belus forsakes his high frequented domes,
 And o'er the famous plains of Shinah comes :
 Plegor descends his mount ; to him were paid,
 With impious rites, libations for the dead.
 Imperious Rimmon came, whose mansion flood
 On the fair banks of Phaphar's lucid flood.
 Osiris left his Nile, and thund'ring Baal
 The rock, whence Aïnon's plenteous waters fall.
 Mithra, whom all the East adores, was there ;
 And like his own resplendent planet fair,
 With yellow tresses, and enchanting eyes,
 Dissembling beauty, would the fiend disguise.
 Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
 Astarte, with her silver crescent came :
 Melita left her Babylonian bow'r's ;
 Where wanton damsels, crown'd with blushing flow'r's,
 In all the summer's various lustre gay,
 Detested Orgies to the goddess pay.

These various pow'r's, their various schemes propose ;
 But none th' assembly pleas'd, till Mithra rose ;
 (Of an alluring mien above the rest)
 Who thus th' apostate potentates address'd.

Mankind by willing steps to ruin move,
 Their own wild passions their destruction prove,
 But the most fatal is forbidden love. }

 Old Jacob boasts a daughter young and fair,
 Fond Leah's glory and peculiar care:
 Her eyes inflame the gazing Pagans hearts,
 Young Shechem has already felt their darts;
 Who lately saw her with her virgin train,
 Near Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
 I'll fill his youthful breast with mad desire,
 By fraud, or force, his wishes to acquire.
 The coming day he does a feast prepare,
 By me instructed how to hide the snare:
 Fair Dinah is his sister's promis'd guest,
 Impatient love will soon complete the rest.
 The damsel's wrongs her brothers will inflame
 To right, with hostile arms, the Hebrew's shame;
 By which provok'd, the Canaanites shall join
 With us t'abolish this detested line.

Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
 Moloch replies; thine be the soft affair:
 Without instructions thou canst act thy part,
 Well-practis'd in the nice alluring art;
 Euphrates' banks, and Senac's conscious shades,
 Attest thy freedom with th' Assyrian maids:
 Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
 Was there devoted to terrestrial loves:
 Thy sacred lyre to human subjects strung,
 No more with tiresome Hallelujahs rung;
 This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
 Nor fail'd thy sparkling eyes to charm the beauteous
 kind.

The bold example of thy loose amours,
 Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly pow'rs;
 Who vainly had the first probation stood,
 Proof to ambition, obstinately good.

Long after I, with my associates, fell ;
 Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell ;
 On softer motives you abhor'd the skies,
 Allur'd by women's captivating eyes :
 The sons of God thus with the race of man
 Were mingled ; hence the giant stock began.
 Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
 I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe assail ;
 Domestic faction may at last prevail.
 }
 Joseph, his doting father's life and joy,
 By well-concerted means we must destroy ;
 This youth, above the rest, excites my fear,
 Divine presages in his face appear ;
 Officious Gabriel's care to him confin'd,
 Foretels a man for mighty things design'd :
 His brethren, acted by my pow'ful fire,
 Against his envy'd life shall all conspire.
 Joseph remov'd, old Jacob's greatest prop,
 The race shall mourn, in him, their blasted hope.
 Here Moloch ceas'd ; th' infernal spirits rose,
 Crowning the double plot with vast applause .



B O O K II.

Jacob's daughter dishonour'd by Shechem, prince of the Hivites. Her brothers revenge the injury. The patriarch relates to his sons Abraham's conquest over the king of Elam and his royal confederates. He rescues Lot. Melchisedech meets and blesses Abraham. The intended sacrifice of Isaac.

YOUNG Shechem all the night impatient lay,
 And sought with eager eyes the breaking day ;
 With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
 And fancies all his wishes in his pow'r ;

Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And soothes, with flatt'ring scenes, his wild desire
 Sidonia, guiltless of her brother's snares
To grace her lovely Hebrew guest prepares ;
Who with her young companions now appears,
'Too innocent for nice reserves, or fears.
Her artless looks, nor tim'rous nor astur'd,
With easy charms the Jebusites allur'd.
A rosy tincture paints her guiltless face :
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets, round her snowy arms,
And faultless neck, improve her native charms.
The Hivite princess entertains the maid,
To Hamor's palace fatally betray'd :
Where at the pomp of one surprising feast,
She meets the luxury all the east.
Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
The people's customs, and their strange attire ;
'Till modest rules, and the declining day,
With Leah's charge forbid her longer stay :
But ah ! too late, she finds herself betray'd
To Shechem's pow'r, a lost defenceless maid ;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud seduc'd, and brutal force constrain'd,
Her name dishonour'd, and her nation stain'd.

In vain with tender sighs he strives to move
The injur'd fair to voluntary love ;
The strictest rules of chastity she knew,
With all that to her great descent was due ;
But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tidings reach'd her father's ears,
And almost sunk his venerable years :
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine :
But guard with secret guile their black design.

The town in feasts consume the second day,
And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.
The restless shepherds ere the lin'gning dawn,
Each hold his sword, for horrid action drawn :
Surpris'd the city like a rising flood,
Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords in blood.
The Hebrews, pleas'd with this successful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate :
Fierce Simeon thro' the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without distinction, slew.

Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,
Was with the charming Israelite retir'd ;
And first by mad insulting Levi found,
Without a pause he gave the desp'rare wound.
Take thy dispatch, curst ravisher, for hell,
He said ; and down the bleeding victim fell :
His fatal mistress turns away her eyes,
With horror seiz'd, and trembling with surprize.
The swains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father, griev'd, reproves the bloody fact ;
But Judah thus defends the hostile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawless mixtures Abraham's flock defile ?
Our wives and sisters in our sight constrain ;
While we, regardless of the shameful stain,
Stand tamely by, and scarce of wrong complain ?
They first entrench'd on hospitable trust,
And human faith ;—our vengeance is but just.

Such justice never mingle with my fame,
Good Israel cries, nor spot my guiltless name !
The realms around, who idol Gods revere,
Will this black deed with indignation hear ;
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believ'd ;—but heav'n a sacred dread
 Of Jacob's sons among the nations spread ;
 While he at Bethel, with a pious flame,
 Implores the great unutterable Name.
 From thence to Mamre's peaceful plain retires,
 Where Kiriath-arba lifts her golden spires :
 Illustrious Arba built and nam'd the place,
 The boasted father of the giant race ;
 For them design'd the monstrous plan appear'd,
 To heav'n the threat'ning battlements were rear'd.
 In careless joys and plenty here they live,
 And to the neighb'ring swains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city stood,
 Ascended high a venerable wood ;
 To solemn shades, which gave a sacred dread,
 Conceal'd a vaulted structure for the dead,
 Machpelah call'd, with wond'rous labour wrought ;
 This, Abram of the giant nation bought :
 The cave, the wood, the springs, and bord'ring field,
 Ephron, their prince, by public contract seal'd.

Here to their purchas'd rights the shepherds drive
 Their fleecy charge, and unmolested live ;
 While frequent thro' the consecrated ground,
 Inscriptions and old monuments they found.
 Where e'er celestial visions had appear'd,
 The pious worshippers an altar rear'd ;
 The mystic name to mortals long unknown,
 Was deeply figur'd on the polish'd stone ;
 By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas seen,
 That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar stood ;
 This Jacob to the rural concourse shew'd ;
 Here see, he said, the memory retain'd
 Of Abram's conquest near damascus gain'd.
 To distant lands the Eastern rule was spread,
 And Jordan's banks a yearly tribute paid :

The king of Sodom first contemn'd the yoke,
Adnah and Zeboim next the treaty broke.
At this the royal Elamite enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd ;
Arioh and mighty Tidal join their force,
Conquest where-e'er they turn attends their course.
The Horims on mount Seir their valour prove,
Their troops the Emims from their fortress drove.

In Siddim's vale the adverse princes stay,
There Shibna, Bera and Shemeber lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks dispose ;
But scarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
So soon the troops of Sodom took their flight :
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, swords, and shields at once forego.
Some seek the woods, and some a shelt'ring cave ;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, save ;
While others, plunging down fair Jordan's tide,
From the stern looks of war their faces hide.
Th' invaders sheath their swords, and scorn to grace
With martial deaths the despicable race.
Bera alone and Lot sustain'd the field.
But press'd by numbers were compel'd to yield :
These, with the riches of the town, a prey
To Paran's hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This Abram heard, and gather'd on the plain.
A valiant band, his own domestic train :
His glad assistance Elsheol brings, a youth
Of public honour, and unblemish'd truth ;
With Aner, Mamre, dauntless both and young,
Brothers, all three from noble Amor sprung.

'Twas night secure the victor army lies,
Scornful of foes, and fearless of surprise ;
By Heav'n's command a sudden vapour spreads
O'er all the host, and clouds their drowsy heads ;

To the high throne of sense soft slumber climbs,
 Slackens their sinews and benumbs their limbs ;
 The captives eyes alone its force repell'd,
 Nor to the pleasing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates draw,
 And by the glimm'ring fires its posture saw ;
 The foremost rank, the swift invaders flew,
 And soon the wak'ning pris'ners heard and knew }
 Their active friends, that to their succour flew.
 Abram his Nephew, he the rest unty'd ;
 The sleeping foe avenging swords supply'd :
 From file to file the fearless brothers pass,
 And leave them breathless on the purple grass.
 Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
 And scatters wide destruction o'er the plain.
 The terror grows, the clash of arms, and cries
 Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
 Prince Arioch, startled at the noise, awakes,
 And from his eyes the fatal slumber shakes.
 At oft repeated calls his legions arm,
 And madly haste to meet the loud alarm ;
 But by a force more prevalent out-done,
 On certain fate with eager steps they run ;
 Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
 And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light
 Expos'd their damage and inglorious flight ;
 The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils :
 And now returning from their martial toils,
 A royal priest at Salem Abram meets,
 With presents, and a benediction greets
 The Hebrew bands : — To heav'n he lifts his eyes, }
 And blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
 Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies ; }
 Who hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,
 Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain !

His mien was solemn, and his face divine,
Refulgent gems around his temples shine :
His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majestic drew.

The tenth of all great Abram gives the priest,
The Kings and Amorites divide the rest.

All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.

The swains were list'ning still, when Jacob cries,
To yonder mountains now direct your eyes ;
For there a brighter scene of glory lies.

'Twas there the wond'ring sun in Abram view'd
The noblest height of human fortitude ;
The pious man in guiltless sleep lay drown'd,
When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal sound.

Arise, and Isaac on my altar lay,
With thy own hand the destined victim slay.
He starts, and cries, who can this thought inspire ?
Can heav'n this monstrous sacrifice require ?

The dreadful call again surpriz'd his ears,
And lo ! the well-known heav'nly form appears.
He bow'd, and at the purple dawn arose,
And with his darling to Moriah goes.
Astonish'd long he by the altar stood,
Then pil'd with trembling hands the sacred wood ;
Half dead himself ; the wond'ring youth he binds,
Who now his fire's severe intention finds.

What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have possest
Your soul ? what horrid fury fills your breast ?
Am I to hell a sacrifice design'd ?
Some cruel demon must your reason blind ;
Th' unblemish'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the Patriarch said, this fact requires,
'Tis heav'n—be witness yon ethereal fires

Yet,

Yet, countless as the stars, from thee must spring
 Victorious nations, and the mystic King :
 'Tis past relief——yet by himself he swore,
 Who from the dead thy relicks can restore ;
 What obstacle surmounts almighty pow'r ? }

This said, the pious youth resign'd his life ;
 Blest Abram shook off all paternal strife,
 And forward thrust the consecrated knife.
 As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
 And warded with his hand the fatal stroke ;
 When thus a voice streams downward from above,
 Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By my great self I swear, to bless thy race
 With endless favour and peculiar grace ;
 Thy scepter'd sons the spacious East shall sway,
 While vanquish'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here Jacob ends, and to his tent retires ;
 Their fleecy charge the parting swains requires.



BOOK III.

The infernal powers endeavour to raise factions in Jacob's family. Joseph's dreams. His brothers jealousy and malice. He comes to Dothan. They confine him in a pit while they consult his ruin. An angel in a vision presages to him his future greatness, and warns him of the snares of beauty and unlawful love. His brothers spare his life, and sell him to the Midian merchants travelling with their spicy traffick into Egypt. Jacob, obstinate in grief, refuses all consolation.

MEAN time the Pagan deities, displeas'd
 To find the public storms so soon appeas'd,
 Studiosus

Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the Hebrews civil jars to raise :
Moloch already had provok'd the strife,
And kindling mischief threatens Joseph's life.

The lovely youth, fair Rachel's boasted son,
Completely form'd, his seventeenth year begun ;
His mother's sparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mixt with severer strokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in Sabea's fragrant grove,
(As poets sung) inflam'd the queen of love ;
Nor Hylas, nor Narcissus look'd so gay,
When the clear streams his rosy blush display.

In all his conduct something noble shone,
Which meant him for a greatness yet unknown.
Visions had oft his rising fate foretold :
The last to Jacob thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by :—when sleep had clos'd mine eye,
A corny field before my fancy flies ;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears !)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears ;
Industrious each a single sheaf had bound,
When theirs with sudden motion mine surround,
And bow'd with prostrate rev'ience to the ground. }
But now my mind of rural business clear'd,
Above my head a wond'rous scene appear'd ;
The moon and stars at highest noon shone bright,
Unconquer'd by the sun's superior light ;
Methought I saw the gaudy orbs descend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The shepherds hear this story with surprise :
Must we thy vasals be ? proud Ashur cries,
With rage and threatening malice in his eyes. }

At Mamre, Jacob and his favourite stay,
The rest to Dothan's flow'ry meadows stray ;
Infernal envy all their bosoms fires,
And black resolves and horrid thoughts inspires.

At

160 THE HISTORY

At last young Joseph's murder is design'd :
Hell with the monstrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to Dothan, by his father sent,
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltless prey he stands, without defence,
But inborn, worth and fearless innocence.
His brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
Were all the subiect that alarm'd his fears.

The fatal stroke they now prepare to give
When Reuben's art the hopeless youth retrieve,
By thus advising,—let your brother live. }
A thousand easy methods yet remain,
To render all his glorious projects vain ;
But till we have determin'd the design,
To yonder pit th' aspiring boy confine.
To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own success admire.

The night prevails, and draws her sable train,
With silent pace, along th' ethereal plain.
By fits the dancing stars exert their beams ;
The silver crescent glimmers on the streams ;
The sluggish waters, with a drowsy roar,
And ling'ring motion, roll along the shore ;
Their murmur answers to the rustling breeze,
That faintly whispers thro' the nodding trees ;
The peaceful echoes, undisturb'd with sound,
Lay slumb'ring in the cavern'd hills around ;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy slept ;
A still solemnity all nature kept ;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes :
To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the skies commission'd Gabriel drew ;
One of the seven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambrosial incense burns.

A sudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquish'd the shades, and put the stars to flight ;
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the shining guest,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dress'd ; }
He greets the youth, and thus his charge express'd. }

To-morrow thou must leave rich Jordan's shore,
And trace Moriah's sacred hill no more ;
A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
Sav'd by thy care, shall thee their patron own ;
But let thy breast impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love :
This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring shepherd bow'd ;
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face display'd,
And with a rosy smile dispell'd the shade.
The faction rose, and close in council sat,
On means that must determine Joseph's fate ;
Nor long they sat, for on the neighb'rинг road
A train of camels with their spicy load,
Follow'd by Midian merchants, travell'd by :
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry :
Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with these to foreign lands we'll send

They stop the Midianites, and soon agree,
Resolv'd no more his hated face to see.
With looks, which perfect inward anguish tell,
And falling tears, he took this sad farewell.

I go to wander on some barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly justice ne'er avenge this crime !
Be still indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes asswage.

They hear, they see the anguish of his soul,
And scarce their struggling pity can controul ;
Touch'd with so sad a scene, they all begin
To feel remorse for this unnatural sin,

And

And half repent : but hate and envy prove
Their victor passions, and repress their love.
They form a specious fraud to hide the deed
From their old fire, and in the plot succeed.
Their brother's varied coat they still retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the vestment stain'd ;
With this to Mamre treach'rous Simeon goes,
Too well the lost old man the relick knows.
After a dismal pause, his sorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this sad language speaks.

My son !—alas, some savage monster's prey !
Why have I liv'd to this detested day ?
Why have I lingred thus ? I should have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my side,
My best-lov'd wife :—but all my Rachel's face
I could in thy resembling features trace.
Tormenting thought !—O hide me from the light !
Its useless rays afflict my feeble sight :
Come lead me to the solitary grave,
Dispair and woe that dark retirement crave ;
There shall I, stretch'd upon my dusty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.
In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain persuade inexorable grief ;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his soul,
Nor time, nor counsel can its force controul.

B O O K IV.

A description of Egypt, with the pyramids. Joseph sold by the Midian merchants to a captain of royal guards. He leads him to his palace. Shews his wife the handsome captive. Her growing passion for him. A young Assyrian maid endeavouring to amuse and divert her mistress, tells her the story of Nirus and Semiramis.

ME A N while thro' savage woods, and desarts vast,

The captive with his Midian masters past.

At last rich Egypt's pleasant coasts are seen,

The level drest with immortal green ;

Between them fertile Nile directs his course,

And nobly flows from his immotal source.

Along the borders of the sacred flood,

Aspiring groves and stately cities stood :

Here ancient Tanais in her height appear'd,

Before Amphion's lute the Theban wall had rear'd.

The sun's devoted city, radiant On,

With roofs emboss'd, and golden foliage shone ;

Ere skilful Vulcan was at Lemnos nam'd,

Or Cynthia's darts, or shields for Pallas fram'd.

Distinct from these, on the Pelusian strands,

Anfana crown'd with silver turrets stands ;

Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,

By pow'rful magick, and secur'd by spells :

Th' Egyptian wizards here themselves immure,

Converse with hell, and practise rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the sight surprise,

On Masre's plain the spiral tow'rs arise.

Redousa here magnificently shrouds

Its lofty head among surrounding clouds :

By Saurid built, the daring structure stood

The fury of the universal flood.

Phacat and Samir's pointed tops ascend,
 And o'er the fields their lengthning shades extend ;
 Their compass sacred to the dead remain,
 Within eternal night and silence reign ;
 No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,
 But glaring lamps depending from on high,
 With sickly gleams the hollow space supply.
 }
 Here ancient kings, embalm'd with won'drous cost,
 A long exemption from corruption boast :
 In artful figures some are sitting plac'd,
 With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd ;
 While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,
 On folding carpets of imperial dye :
 Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimick pride,
 Among the breathless carcases reside.
 }
 But what prodigious things within were shown,
 Were to the Hebrew stranger yet unknown,
 Astonish'd at their outward bulk alone.
 }

And now arriv'd where Zoan's wall inclos'd
 Imperial tow'rs, the Midianites expos'd
 Their fragrant traffick, with the handsome slave :
 His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave ;
 His aspect something spoke divinely great,
 Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of Pharaoh's bands,
 Admiring much the graceful captive, stands,
 Then gives the Midianites their full demands.
 }
 A sudden friendship in his breast he finds,
 Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds :
 Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
 And on his heart the kind impression wrought.

Without regret, young stranger, follow me,
 Said Potiphar, I now have ransom'd thee ;
 From servitude this moment thou art free.
 }

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
 That answer'd all the promise of his face.

Fronting the royal house, a structure crown'd
With turrets stood, and palmy groves around;
Discoursing, hither thro' the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The seat they reach'd, when for a costly vest
The master call'd; in this the youth they dress'd:
No more disparag'd with a slave's attire,
His faultless shape and features all admire.

His hair, like palest amber, from his crown
In floating curls and shining waves fell down.

Young Paris such surprising charms display'd,
When first in gold and Tyrian silks array'd,
He laid his crook aside, forgot the swain,
And bid adieu to Ida's flow'ry plain.

Then for his wife the captain bids them send,
And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair Sabrina, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,
And love at every fatal glance inspire.
The swarthy lustre of her charming face
The full blown lily and the rose disgrace.
Her glossy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly she took a careless view,
And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord successive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown prosp'rous and abroad,
Believes his guest some favourable god:
He gives him o'er his house a full command,
Intrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Mean time Sabrina feeds within her breast
A secret fire, but shame its rage supprest,
When first she saw the charming Hebrew's eyes,
She felt, but well dissembled the surprise;

But

But thro' her various arts an inward care
 The languors of her pensive looks declare.
 Cyrena found the change, (a Syrian maid,
 Well born, but from her native coasts betray'd :)
 She saw the change, but led by nicer laws,
 Was thoughtless still of its reproachful cause.
 Her voice, her easy wit, her eloquence,
 Could hold the wildest passion in suspence.
 Attending oft her mistress to a grove,
 Their usual walk with pleasing tales she strove
 To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief ;
 Nor fail'd her arts to give a short relief.
 Her native clime the pleasing subject proves,
 The Syrian pomp, their customs, and their loves :
 Among the rest Sabrina hears her name
 Semiramis, a queen of antient fame,
 And ask'd her now the story to relate ;
 Repos'd beneath a spreading palm they sat.



BOOK V.

The Story of Semiramis, expos'd, when an Infant, in the Fields ; where she is found, (covered with a rich embroidered Mantle) by a Peasant, who carries her to Simma, the Chief of the king's Shepherds, by whom she is married to Menon, the principal Commander of the Assyrian Forces. Menon being called to the Siege of Bactria, she follows him in a martial disguise. Menon discovers her sex to the King, who marries her after the Death of Menon.

THE maid begins.—Where fam'd Coaspes laves
 Rich Elam's borders with his sacred waves,
 Along the fields their tents the shepherds spread,
 By them the king's unnumber'd flocks were fed:

The

The silent dawn was misty yet and grey,
And hoary moisture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haste,
A peasant near a rocky cavern past ;
Across his path was rais'd a mossy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle spread ;
This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the rosy morning smil'd :
The wond'ring swain forgot his country cares,
And back to Simma's house the infant bears.

Simma his master was, tho' wealthy, just :
The royal lands and flocks were made his trust :
He riches still amass'd without an heir,
And seeing now the child so passing fair,
He took and bred her with indulgent care.
In nothing he controls her growing years,
No cost to please her boundless fancy spares.

When, by revolving moons, successive time
Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
Her shape was faultless, and in all her mein
Presaging marks of majesty were seen :
No mortal here could boast so fair a face,
Such radiant eyes, and so divine a grace.
A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
Her snowy vest a crimson girdle bound :
Thus dress'd, she walks a goddess o'er the plains,
Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing twains ;
To her the fragrant tribute of the spring,
With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not distant far from wealthy Simma's seat,
Heroic Menon own'd a fair retreat ;
His rank, and early worth, the high command
Of all the fam'd Assyrian force had gain'd :
In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
To prove a softer happiness, retir'd ;
Iwas here Simiranis his wishes fir'd,

With

With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
 And for the glorious prize to Simma su'd ;
 Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind :
 This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind ;
 On meaner terms she had his suit deny'd ;
 With virtue guarded and a noble pride,
 The lover finds success, but all his joys
 A sudden summons from the king destroys.

Baëtria revolts, Ninus the tidings hears,
 Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.
 But three short days ungentle fate allows
 Sad Menon, for his sighs and parting vows :
 He curst his martial charge, and publick fame,
 And loaths th' incumbrance of a glorious name,
 Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
 His lov'd Semiramis, his charming wife.

She hears the king's command with less surprise,
 And, Menon, banish all your care, she cries :
 We cannot — 'tis impossible to part,
 Love with heroic courage fires my heart.
 To follow you thro' raging seas I'd go,
 O'er burning desarts, or perpetual snow.
 By your example led, I shall not fear
 The flying arrow, or the pointed spear ;
 Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were Menon by,
 'Twould be a soft, an easy thing, to die.
 Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run
 To certain death, nor any danger shun ;
 Be witness to my vows, thou radiant sun !
 Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct stain,
 Secure with you the secret shall remain ;
 I boldly can defy all other eyes,
 In thr at'ning armour, and a martial guise.

New pleasure fills the hero's breast, to find
 Such beauty, love, and steadfast virtue join'd.

A thousand kind transporting things he said,
A thousand vows of lasting passion made:
Then for a rich habiliment of war
He sent, and dress'd himself the smiling fair.

A costly helmet glitter'd on her head,
On which a dove its silver pinions spread :
A plume of whitest feathers danc'd above,
With every trembling breath of air they move.
Th' embroider'd scarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
With dazzling flames of gold and scarlet glow'd.
Her hand a javelin shook with mimick pride,
A painted quiver rattled by her side.
Her height and mein adorn the warlike dress,
More vig'rous rays her charming eyes express.
The courser of his beauteous burden proud,
With golden trappings bounded thro' the crowd.

Menon, of Syrian arms the grace and pride,
Kept near the lovely masquerader's side.
On Dura's plain the Babylonian force
In ranks attend their mighty leader's course.
While Ninus, graceful as a mighty god,
Exalted on his glitt'ring chariot rode.

The Bactrians their approaching foes disdain,
Resolv'd their fortress bravely to maintain ;
And long the town with matchless courage held,
And oft' to flight the Armenian troops compell'd :
Till bold Semiramis, who danger sought,
And fearless in the foremost ranks had fought,
Observ'd a rock, which o'er a castle lean'd ;
The Bactrians this were careless to defend,
Believing it from all access secure :
She finds a path among the cliff's obscure ;
Then with a chosen band intrepid gains
The top, and soon th' unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce besieger's prey,
To her they gave the conquest of the day.

All prais'd the youth, (for such she was believ'd)
 Her bold address each party had deceiv'd ;
 But Ninus most her fortitude admires,
 He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon in dotage lost, with foolish pride,
 No more the fatal secret strives to hide ;
 Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boast,
 The joy of all his future life must cost.
 Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
 In other terms his gratitude renews.

To Babylon return'd, he yet conceal'd
 His growing flame, by Menon's worth withheld ;
 Too well he with a sad reflection knows,
 What to his counsel, and his sword he owes ;
 These gen'rous ties at first his love oppose :
 But nothing can th' increasing rage restrain ;
 By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

Menon, he said, my wishes to procure,
 I'll give thee cities, and a boundless store
 Of gold, and precious gems ; and for a bride,
 A blooming princess to the crown ally'd :
 All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give ;
 Without Semiramis I cannot live.

Resenting Menon, with a handsome pride,
 Refus'd his offers, and the suit deny'd.

The softer sex he next attempts to gain ;
 She too rejects his passion with disdain,
 What now avail the glories of the East ?
 Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his rest.
 Tir'd with unheeded sighs, and fruitless pray'r,
 He tries more rig'rous means to ease his care ;
 And threatens thus : — With my desires comply,
 Or soon prepare to see your hero die.

From Menon this she hides, who less severe
 Observes her to the am'rous king appear :

His fondness with the jealous passion grows ;
 No joy, no lightsome interval he knows,
 The mingled frenzy gives him no repose.

She false ! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife !
 And can I yet protract this wretched life ?
 This anxious heart, with hopeless grief oppress'd,
 In death's cold shade shall find perpetual rest.
 He said ; then all the hostile stars defy'd,
 And plung'd the fatal weapon in his side.

A long adieu ! Semiramis, he cries ;
 With those lov'd accents on his lips he dies ;
 She hears the parting groan, and to his succour flies.
 Sunk on the floor she sees her lover bleed,
 Himself the author of the barb'rous deed ;
 But true to love, and virtue's strictest laws,
 She neither knew, nor could suspect the cause.
 Seiz'd with a sudden horror and surprise,
 She faints, and near the breathless carcase lies ;
 Her frightened women to her rescue haste,
 And wake the doubtful spark of life, at last.
 A hollow groan ensues ; with feeble sight
 She meets the day, and loaths the flashing light.
 A stedfast sorrow in her face appears,
 Above the soft relief of female tears ;
 Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
 To tell the inward anguish of her mind ;
 A fixt, sedate, and rational despair
 Compos'd her looks, and settled in her air.

In such a fullon calm the billows sleep,
 So smooth an aspect wears the gloomy deep ;
 While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath refrain,
 Presaging tempests on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with just respect attends
 Her ebbing gret, and long his flame suspends :
 And long her stedfast thoughts relentless prove
 To proffer'd empire, and inviting love ;

Till fate itself her stubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the stars design'd,
And fill a sphere proportion'd to her mind.

Ninus was now of ev'ry wish possest,
With sov'reign rule, and brighter pleasure blest :
But ah ! how short a boast has mortal joy !
What sudden storms the flatt'ring calm destroy !
What human privilege, what lawless pow'r
Can one short day retard th' appointed hour ?

Thrice thro' the midnight silence, from the ground
The startled monarch hears a warning sound ;
Thrice Menon's ghost a frowning spectre stands,
And seems to beckon with his airy hands.
A sudden faintness seiz'd his trembling heart,
While hasty life retires from every part ;
Speechless and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princess to his merit just,
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal dust :
High on a mount his sepulchre she plac'd,
With marble spires, and pointed arches grac'd.
She bids farewell to love's deceitful flame ;
Resolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In costly structures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to Belus first she built :
The inward roof with dazzling silver gilt ;
The god was fashion'd in a wond'rous mold,
With perfect art ; his bulk was massy gold ;
His sacred utensils were all the same,
While fragrant oils in golden sockets flame.

Old Babel next with boundless cost she wall'd ;
And Babylon the spacious city call'd ;
Its bounds with forts and batinements were crown'd,
And compass'd in an endless tract of ground,
Valleys and level'd hills the vast extent surround :

Where

Where fronting ranks of palaces were seen,
With streams, and groves, and painted meads between.
Euphrates in its course the town divides,
While thro' the mid^t his stately current glides,
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd ;
Which all for state attend the queen's commands,
When she her progress makes thro' distant lands.
Resolv'd to visit now the neighb'rинг Medes,
Her train she o'er the lofty Sagris leads.
At pompous Ecbatana now she staid,
And all her own magnificence display'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and seats of pleasure she design'd ;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With stately groves and flow'ry verdure gay ;
The spreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above their mingled branches join.

Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
With matchless labour, thro' the charming wood ;
The plenteous stream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the crystal tides.
In marble basons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry Cassia grow.
Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy sides were wrought :
Here artificial hills their summits rear,
For shade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys stood below,
From far the beauteous Syrian roses glow.
All that perfumes the blest Sabæan fields,
Grows here, with all that sacred Nysa yields.
Here breath'd the fragrant Calamus, and Fir,
Cinnamon, Frankincense, and weeping Myrrhe.

Shrill birds among the spicy branches sing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring :
The winds and waters with a gentle noise
Double the sound, and answer ev'ry voice.

The queen a while had these diversions prov'd,
And then her court to Babylon remov'd :
But ah ! what heights of happiness are free
From fickle chance, or certain destiny ?
The princess finds a swift decay controul
The usual force and vigour of her soul ?
Nor struggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
The flatt'ring priests this pleasing answer sent :
That from the Gods she drew her heav'nly race,
And shortly must th' immortal number grace.
Pleas'd with the glories of her future state,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale ; the closing day
Withdrew its splendour, and forbid their slay.

BOOK VI.

Joseph's Mistress at last discovers her criminal Passion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurse, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is sent by her Mistress to Harpinus. His cell described. He consults the Planets, and flatters her with Success; till finding the Hebrew Youth inflexible to all her Charms, she falsely accuses him to his Master, by whom he is confin'd to a Prison.

STILL with impatient love Sabrina pines,
And now to speak the fatal truth designs;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A secret passion in the Hebrew's face.
He sighs, and when he thinks himself alone,
Oft seems some new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a sense on every flatt'ring sound,
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my sighs the myst'ry have not shewn,
Insensible,—let this confession prove
The strange excess and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I still my wild desires suppress'd,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confess'd.

Let me be punish'd with the last disdain,
He said, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts so vain!
I ne'er Sabrina's favour so abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous master,—I might say my friend;
Let scandal sink my name, when so unjust
I prove, so false to hospitable truſt!

Thus with a modest turn he would reclaim
 Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her shame ;
 Nor waits her leave, but hastily withdrew.
 Careless her limbs upon a couch she threw,
 And curst her folly with a thousand tears ;
 Till Iphicle, her artful nurse, appears :
 Of so much grief she pres'd to know the cause,
 At last the secret from her mistress draws.

You wrong, the Beldam cries, your own desert,
 For you have charms, and he a human heart.
 Your beauty might a savage heart inspire,
 At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.
 But where's the wonder that a bashful boy
 Should, at the first address, be nice and coy ?
 He loves, no doubt, and languishes like you,
 But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue :
 Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,
 I have a draught that gives divine success ;
 Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above ;
 These sacred drops rewarded Chemis' love.

When Totis, by his death, the full command
 Of Misraim left in fair Charoba's hand,
 The rich Gebirus from Chaldea came
 With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.
 Chemis adorn'd his train, whose charming face
 Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race ;
 On Nilus' banks the young Chaldean stood,
 When lo ! Merina rising from the flood,
 Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
 Softly along the silver stream she glides.
 Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,
 Her brighter eyes express a light divine.
 Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
 Has e'er ascended with a clearer ray.
 Her smiles the raging tempests could appease,
 Allay the winds, and calm the swelling seas.

She leaves her crystal vaults, and coral groves,
 Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
 And o'er the grassy meads with Chemis roves.
 }
 At parting gave him this celestial spell,
 Which ev'ry good procures, and can each ill repel.
 My mother from this youth derives her line,
 And this she left me, as a gift divine,
 By all her ancestors preserv'd with care ;
 One heav'nly drop shall banish your despair.

Her flatt'ring nurse's charm she vainly tries,
 For Joseph still her hateful passion flies :
 But obstinate in love to gain her ends,
 To fam'd Ansana, Iphicle she sends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
 Planted with yew and mournful cyprus round ;
 Whose shadows every pleasing thought control,
 And fill with deep anxiety the soul.

Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
 The horned Serim thro' the darknes dance ;
 From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
 They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.

From gloomy Acherusia, and the fen
 Of Serbon, and the forest of Birdene ;
 From Ophiodes, the serpent isle, they come,
 And Syrtes, where fantastic spectres roam ;
 From Chabnus, and the wild Psebarian peak,
 Whose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,
 The curst assembly here consume the nights.
 The sick'ning moon her feeble light withholdes,
 In sable clouds her aigent horns she folds ;
 The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
 And frightened far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his echoing cells,
 And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells :

Passing from room to room, the brazen doors
 Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.
 The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,
 With frightful splendor, in a thousand urns.
 The wizard here employs his mighty spells,
 And great events by divination tells ;
 Inscribing mystic figures on the ground,
 And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound ;
 Which from their tombs the shiv'ring ghosts compel,
 And force them future secrets to reveal.
 The stars he knew, when adverse, or benign ;
 When with malignant influence they shine,
 Or, darting prosp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurse a pleasing answer here obtain'd,
 And thus Sabrina's drooping thoughts sustain'd.
 The third succeeding day shall crown your love,
 And every am'rous star propitious prove.

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
 And now the third appointed morning came ;
 When for the favour'd youth in haste she fends,
 The message with reluctance he attends.
 Silent she sits ; while waiting her commands,
 Fix'd at a formal distance long he stands,
 Her eyes still fix'd on Joseph's beauteous face ;
 A close contempt, and inward hatred trace ;
 Yet desp'rare to compleat her own disgrace.

Ungrateful youth ! she cries, too well I find
 By these cold looks, thy unrelenting mind :
 Thy savage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
 By words of sacred import thou wouldest hide,
 Thou talk'st of holy ties, and rules severe,
 Pretending some avenging God to fear.
 What God, alas ! does cruelty command ?
 Or human bliss maliciously withstand ?
 Such thoughts as these the heav'nly powers arraign,
 Efface their goodness, and their justice stain.

Would

Would they the gen'rous principle control,
 Who gave this am'rous bias to the soul?
 What nature is, they made it : nor can bind
 With fertile laws the freedom of the mind :
 Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
 That unmolested thro' the forest rove,
 Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
 Virtue !—a meer imaginary thing !
 Torment it may, but can no pleasure bring.
 Honour !—'tis nothing but precarious fame,
 For empty breath, for a fantastick name.
 Wilt thou my soft intreaties still deny,
 And see me languish, and unpity'd die ?
 Consent at last to love's enchanting joys,
 While pleasure calls thee with her tempting voice :
 These folding curtains shall our bliss conceal,
 That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair ! the noble youth replies,
 Could we some artful labyrinth devise
 To hide our sin, and far from mortal sight
 Retire, involv'd in all the shades of night ;
 Yet there,—expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
 Its vengeance would our treachery pursue ;
 Distinguish'd plagues would soon our guilt expose,
 While all your sex's glory you must lose.
 To Potiphar alone your vows belong,
 In him a tender lover you must wrong.
 For me, where should I hide my hated face,
 Could I be conscious of a crime so base ?
 No, let me thro' the yawning earth descend,
 Rather than with such insolence offend
 The laws of God, and kindness of my friend !
 My master's favours, endless to recite,
 When I with such ingratitude requite ;
 When with a thought so horrid and prophane,
 My faith and spotless loyalty I stain ;

Let wrathful lightnings flashing round my head,
And bolts of raging thunder strike me dead !

Let execrations, and eternal shame

Destroy my peace and blast my hated name !

These words with such an awful air he spoke,
Celestial virtue sparkling in his look,
His haughty mistress all her hopes resign'd,
And felt a diff'rent frenzy seize her mind :
Assisting fiends the hellish thought suggest,
And blot the tender passion from her breast.
A crimson scarf with ornamental pride
Was o'er his graceful shoulders loosely ty'd ;
This furiously she snatch'd, while from th' embrace
He frees himself, and quits the hated place.

She call'd aloud, her voice Cyrena hears,
And ent'ring saw her well-dissembled tears ;
A tale of proffer'd violence she feigns,
And of the Hebrew's arrogance complains.
Alarm'd at her repeated calls, she said,
The monster left his curst design, and fled.
His scarf the truth confirm'd : her lord the while
Returns ; her words his easy faith beguile :
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How can'st thou, wretch ! belie a mind so base,
With that undaunted air, and guiltless face ?
Hypocrisy so steady and compleat,
A villain, cautious as thyself, might cheat ;
No wonder then thy practis'd faintly shews
Should on my honest artless mind impose.
My soul entire to thee I did resign ;
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th' ungrateful slave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon shall the monster hide.

Dungeons he said, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curst with your displeasure, die.

This sad reflexion aggravates my fate ;
 How shall I bear my gen'rous master's hate ?
 Oh stay ! at least my vindication hear,
 While by th' Unutterable Name I swear,
 My thoughts are all from this injustice clear.

He ceas'd, and still Sabrina's shame conceals,
 Nor one accusing word her fraud reveals.
 Now to a damp unwholsome vault convey'd,
 Joseph in ignominious chains is laid.



B O O K VII.

An Angel visits Joseph in Prison, and in a prophetick Vision shews him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Posterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of Joseph's Innocence, treats him with great Esteem. The Dreams of his fellow Prisoners; and Joseph's Interpretation.

TW A S night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour ;
 The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
 Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
 Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night ;
 With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
 It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
 Some God in that propitious light descends.
 This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be
 Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.

The sacred vision to the youth appears,
 His spirits with celestial fragrance chears.
 His heav'ly smiles would ev'n despair control,
 And with immortal rapt'ry fill the soul.

His

His youthful brows a fair Tiara crown'd,
 A folding zone his gaudy vestments bound,
 Embroider'd high with Amaranthus round.
 Such wings th' Arabian Phoenix never wore,
 Sprinkled with gold and shading purple o'er .
 Beneficent his aspect and address,
 His lips seraphick harmony express ;
 His voice might stay the invading sleep of death,
 While these soft words flow with his balmy breath.

From the unclouded realms of day above,
 From endless pleasures, and unbounded love,
 From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'r's,
 From blissful valleys and ethereal bow'r's,
 I come, commission'd by peculiar grace,
 With great presages to thy future race.

This Gabriel spoke ; the pious Hebrew's breast
 Prophetic flame and pow'r divine confess ;
 An awful silence, and profound suspence,
 Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of sense ;
 The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought confin'd,
 Collect the operations of the mind,
 While Gabriel all the inward scene design'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
 His humble brethren in prostration fall ;
 His joyful eyes again his father see,
 He takes the blessing on his bended knee.
 Vastly in numbers Jacob's sons increas'd,
 Poor vassals by the Egyptians are distress'd,
 And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppress'd :
 To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,
 Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,
 Does bold before the raging monarch stand,
 And brings his great credentials in his hand.

Across the ground his wond'rous rod he throws ;
 The rod transform'd a moving serpent grows,
 Unfolds his speckled train, and o'er the pavement
 flows.

A dazzling train of miracles ensue,
 Which speak the prophet and his mission true.

The springs, the standing lakes, and running flood,
 His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood ;
 The wounded billows stain the verdant shore,
 Advancing slowly with a mournful roar.

Infernal night her fable wings extends,
 And from the black unbottom'd deep ascends :
 The seer denounces plagues on man and beast ;
 Contagious torments soon the air infest ;
 Aloud he bids a sudden tempest rise,
 On rapid wings the storm obedient flies ;
 Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
 Blue lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet the obdurate king the God reveres,
 Whom every element obsequious fears ;
 Till vengeful strokes of pow'r confess'd divine,
 With clear, but terrible conviction shine.

The night was cover'd with unusual dread,
 While ev'ry star malignant influence shed.

Pale spectres thro' the streets of Zoan roam,
 From sepulchres amazing echoes come ;
 While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
 With threat'ning speed the fatal angel flies.
 Reluctant justice, with a grace severe,

Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.

A crested helmet shades his awful brows ;

Behind his military vesture flows,

And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.

He grasps his sword, unsheathe'd for certain fate,
 Destruction, death, and terror on him wait ;

Mortal

Mortal the stroke, invisible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled shrieks resound.
From house to house the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their first-born sons.

Th' alarm'd Egyptians, at the breaking day,
Hurry the sacred multitude away :
But Pharaoh soon his daring sin-renews,
Blaspheming loud the rescu'd slaves pursues ;
The fearful tribes stand trembling on the shore,
The foe behind, a raging sea before.

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
And gives the mighty signal from the strand ;
Th' obedient waves the mighty signal take,
And parting, crowd the distant surges back ;
On either hand, like crystal hills, they rise ;
Between, a wide stupendous valley lies :
With joyful shouts the grateful Hebrews pass,
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chace ;
'Till heav'n's command the watry chain dissolves,
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
While Israel thro' the desert take their way,
Led by a cloud which marches on by day ;
But resting chear'd th' encamping host by night,
With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty Sinah shades the neighb'ring plain,
Commanded now the sacred tribes remain ;
Prepar'd with mystick rites, to hear with awe
Their Saviour God pronounce their future law :
Close bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
That rashly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,
And fiery splendors glow around the skies.
While from th' ethereal summit God descends,
Beneath his feet the starry convex bends.
His radiant form majestick darkness hides,
While on a tempest's rapid wings he rides.

The trembling earth his awful presence owns,
The forest flames, the cleaving desert groans,
Each river back his awful presence owns,
And rushing down the subterranean falls,
To the profoundest caves affrighted flies,
Reveal'd and bare each sandy channel lies.
Their stately heads the ancient mountains sink,
And to a level with the vales would shrink ;
Again secure in their primæval beds,
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
Old Sinah quakes at the tremendous weight,
That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height ;
Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling smoke,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke ;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' ethereal trumpet sounding loud and high.

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the solemn voice of God attend :
The angel shifts the scene, and leaves the rest
Inimitable all, and not to be express'd.

The curtain'd Tabernacle next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants ;
The golden altar, with attending priests,
Their sacred pomp, and instituted vests,
Then brings the favour'd tribes where Jordan flows ;
And all the well-known bord'ring landskip shews.

An airy conquest on Beth-horon's plain,
The warlike sons of Jacob now obtain :
Before the troops a glorious leader stands,
A painted jav'lin balanc'd in his hands ;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou sun ! to lengthen this victorious day,
With ling'ring beams on lofty Gibeah stay :
And thou, fair morn ! retard thy hast flight,
And gild the vales of Ajalon at night.

This

This said, the flying army they pursue,
And all the Amorean kings o'erthrew.
The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they spread
Their peaceful dwellings round Moriah's head.

But with the night the pleasing vision flies ;
Gabriel unseal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
His senses from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
And all the sacred agitation ceas'd.
The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
Descends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought ;
Treats him with kindness, and a just regard,
And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of Pharaoh's servants two were here detain'd,
The steward, who his table did command,
With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine ;
Suspected both as traitors in design.
Joseph, observing a dejected air
Sat heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
Enquires the cause, which freely both reveal,
Mysterious dreams of the past night they tell.

And thus the first :—Methought a bulky vine
Grew up unprop'd ; three waving branches shine
With purple grapes, and to my hand incline :
I press'd the tempting fruit without control,
Then gave to Pharaoh's hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins :—Three canisters replete
With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
Oppress'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
With direful croakings snatch'd the food away.

Unhappy man ! thy dream from God was sent,
The Hebrew said, and full of black portent :
The third returning day shall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures shalt become.

Then to the first, these joyful comments found ;
Before the sun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours shalt be crown'd,

But

But in the triumph of thy prosp'rous fate,
 Kindly remember my unhappy state,
 Who by the blackest falsehood here am stay'd ;
 To this the man a courtier's promise made.



B O O K VIII.

Joseph's Mistress languishes in Sorrow and Remorse for her Treachery; which she confesses in the Agonies of Death. Pharaoh's prophetic Dreams interpreted by Joseph. His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an Egyptian Priest.

BUT now Sabrina's guilty fire returns,
 Her bosom with the raging passion burns ;
 She with a female tenderness relents,
 And all her former cruelties repents.
 By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
 For whom she fondly languishes and dies.
 Tormented, and enraged, she often curs'd
 Her pride, her folly, and revengful lust.
 A deep remorse, from conscience of her sin,
 With constant horrors vex her soul within.
 Her thoughts ten thousand racking torments feel,
 Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate still.
 Her life and youthful spirits melt away,
 Her beauty withers with a swift decay :
 By day she wildly raves, consumes the night
 In thoughtless watchings, and imagin'd fright :
 While airy terrors glide before her sight.
 Pale ghosts with wide distorted eye-balls stare,
 And burning spectres thro' the darkness glare,

Till

Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intense,
To vindicate suspected innocence,
To Potiphar the hidden truth she tells,
And all the faithless mystery reveals.

And now he comes—insulting death ! she cries,
Perpetual darkness swims before my eyes.
If there are Gods that human things regard,
My monstrous crimes will meet a just reward.
Oh sacred virtue ! at thine awful name
I start, and all my former thoughts disclaim ;
For thou art no fantastick empty thing,
From thee alone unmingle pleasures spring.
The world, the boundless universe I'd give,
My first unblemish'd honour to retrieve :
'Tis vainly wish'd!—to some strange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coasts I go.

She spoke, and gasping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies resign'd her breath :
Whilst Joseph by the courtier was forgot ;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' Egyptian monarch from a short repose,
And troubled visions, with the morning rose,
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breast,
He summons ev'ry planetary priest :
Their orders, which to diff'rent stars belong,
Were soon assembled, a surprising throng ;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their vest,
A wild devotion thro' the whole express'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Trailing behind a sweeping length it drew ;
With Poppies, Aconite, and Hellebore,
Mandrake, and Nightshade, strangely figur'd o'er ;
A treble twist of serpents curling round,
With monstrous ornament the foldings bound.

With some a verdant forest seem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.

With

With panthers, bears, and ev'ry savage beast
Express'd in lively colours, some were dress'd.
On others eagles spreads their wings ; on some
Appear'd the ostrich' hieroglyphick plume,
While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monstrous progeny of Nile.

Nasar, a youth vow'd to the morning star,
With budding roses had adorn'd his hair,
His raiment of inestimable cost
Glitt'red with pearl, and imitated frost,
O'erspread with land-skips wrought in miniature,
Surprising scenes the ravish'd sight allure :
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
Peacocks with gaudy trains, and shining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
The doubtful sages search their heav'nly schemes :
But all their stars were mute, the meaning flies
In trackless darkness, and obscure disguise.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
On his past danger, and his base neglect ;
And thus his royal master he address'd :
Be Pharaoh's bounty, and my guilt confess'd,
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
We by thy justice in the ward remain'd,
A Hebrew youth, unjustly there confin'd,
From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
With clear conviction did our lot unfold ;
My honour, and the steward's doom foretold.
Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,
His cell was glitter'd with ethereal light ;
For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
To visit him they left their bright abodes.

Joseph, unutter'd, they from prison bring,
By heav'n inspir'd, he stands before the King ;
Who thus repeats his dream : Methought I stood
On the fair borders of our sacred flood ;

With,

While, curious, I survey'd the spreading stream,
 Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
 Fat and well-favour'd : o'er the verdant mead
 They proudly rang'd, and on the pasture fed ;
 When just their number rose, of aspect sour,
 Ill-shap'd, and meagre, who the first devour.
 The scene was chang'd, when springing in my walk,
 Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending stalk,
 Ripe'n'd and full ; when lo ! a second rears
 His blasted top, with seven unfruitful ears ;
 This swallow'd greedily the former store,
 As the lean oxen did the fat before.
 I woke with great anxiety oppress'd,
 And for the meaning ev'ry God address'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies supreme,
 The youthful prophet cries, has sent this dream
 To Pharaoh, which discovers future things ;
 What changes on the world his pleasure brings.
 With one intent the sacred vision came,
 Of both the hidden meaning is the same.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
 The fields with boundless harvest shall be crown'd ;
 Then seven unprosp'rous years shall these devour,
 And leave no remnant of the former store.

But that the people and the king may live,
 This counsel heav'n commissions me to give,
 That wasteful luxury should be restrain'd,
 And wise intendants thro' the realm ordain'd :
 Let there against the threat'ning ill provide,
 Lay up the corn, and o'er the stores preside.

This youth by some propitious pow'r was sent,
 The prince replies, our ruin to prevent ;
 Then bids them an imperial vestment bring,
 And from his finger draws a costly ring :
 And this, he said, a sacred pledge shall be
 Of those bright honours I reserve for thee.

My pow'r, my kingdom, I to thee resign,
The sov'reign title only shall be mine :
To thee my noblest favourites shall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preserver thou !

His second chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd : white steeds with scarlet reins
The triumph drew ; they champ the golden bit,
And spurn the dusty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal ensigns grac'd ;
Gay heralds, Bow the knee, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he passes by :
Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great Pharaoh's daughter is his bride design'd.

The night had twice in sable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd :
When from his high apartment Joseph sees
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees,
To Isis vow'd : He from the gilded dome,
Ravish'd beheld a beauteous virgin come.
An artless modesty improves her face,
An elegant reserve, and matchless grace :
A rosy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears :
Her eyes a sprightly blue ; her length of hair
Disheveli'd hung, like threads of silver fair.
Long strings of jet and pearl, in mingled twists,
Adorn'd her well-shap'd neck, and slender wrists.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, sprinkled o'er
With stars ; a crescent on her breast she wore.

The wounded Hebrew for the virgin sigh'd,
And felt a growing passion yet untry'd :
Her lovely image, on his mind impress'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breast ;
But oh ! what anguish did his foul invage,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid

At Isis' holy shrine devoutly bow'd,
 A virgin priestess to the goddess vow'd?
 This, this, he cry'd, must all my hopes confound,
 Helpless my grief, incurable my wound!

Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,
 That he th' Ægyptian princess must espouse.
 Pain'd and distress'd he hears the spreading news,
 And dreads the offer, which he must refuse,
 Or with dissembled vows the imperial maid abuse.
 Asenah's pow'r (that was the priestess' name)
 Would in his breast admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no less unhappy prov'd,
 Who long illustrious Orramel had lov'd ;
 An Ethiopian prince, whose faultless face
 And shape exceeded all the tawny race.
 His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
 Sparkl'd like stars amidst the gloomy skies ;
 At once they dazzled, and engag'd the sight
 With awful lustre, and imperious light.
 Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
 In easy curls waves to the gentle air.

The princess, pain'd with secret discontent,
 Her father's purpose labours to prevent ;
 In vain ! the king obstructs her young desires,
 But first the pleasure of the gods enquires.

Just Potiphera, an unblemish'd priest,
 His piety sincere, but ill address'd,
 While fragrant incense round the temple smokes,
 Osiris from the monarch he invokes.
 The fiends, in hopes to cross the great design
 And awful will of providence divine,
 With penalties forbid the king's intent,
 The Hebrew's future greatness to prevent :
 Then nam'd the fair Asenah for his bride,
 And blindly with eternal fate comply'd :

Effecting heav'n's predestinated ends,
While Joseph's ruin envious hell intends ;
Nor doubts the young idolatress would prove
His snare, and soon seduce him with her love.

The priest, yet trembling, near the altar stands,
And dreads the sacrilege the god commands.
My daughter nam'd ! he cries, to Isis vow'd
By mystick rites, which no reverse allow'd !
It must be so—The gods pronounce it fit,
The priest his will, the king must his submit.

The maid reluctant leaves the holy shrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift, as heav'n's, the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and sacred truth
rewards.



B O O K IX.

The seven plenteous Years ; with the ensuing Years of Scarcity. Joseph's Character as Regent over the Land of Egypt. Jacob distress'd with the Famine, sends his Sons thither for Corn. Joseph discovers his Brethren, but is unknown of them : Pretends to suspect them as public Spies, and keeps them three Days in Prison ; at last sends them back, with a Charge to bring their younger Brother with them, and detains Simeon as an Hostage till their return.

TH E jocund years with smiling plenty crown'd,
In shining circles now advanc'd their round :
Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
And rustic pleasures cheer the banks of Nile.
The Hebrew, late advanc'd by royal grace,
With dignity and splendor fills his place ;
Still watchfu for the public good, with care
Restrains excess, by penalties severe,

While justice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
 Amidst the height of plenty thro' the land :
 His prudent sway the grateful people bless,
 In all the calm serenity of peace.

But soon the smiling years their period run,
 A gloomy æra now its course begun :
 Pale famine comes with her malignant train,
 Dries up the springs, and taints the fertile plain :
 The trees decay, each flow'r, and balmy plant
 Pine at their roots, and vital humour want :
 No pearly moisture on the meadow lies ;
 To fan the air no gentle breezes rise.
 The languid moon sheds from her silent sphere
 No cooling dews, the thirsty earth to cheer.
 A sultry night ensues a scorching day ;
 While dismal signs the fiery clouds display.

Nor Egypt mourns alone her blasted ground,
 Pale famine stalks thro' all the regions round :
 Moriah's plain, and Hermon's flow'ry hill
 Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel :
 That fertile climate, by peculiar grace,
 Design'd the lot of Abraham's future race.
 Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
 The Pagan princes bore imperial sway,
 Their crimes not full.—While Jacob sojourn'd here
 A stranger, as his great forefathers were :
 The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,
 And for his num'rous family distress'd :
 He sends his sons, by heav'nly conduct led,
 To Egypt's plenteous granaries for bread :
 Domestick wants require their utmost haste,
 And Zoan's regal tow'rs they reach at last.

With soft Assyria, now in all her pride
 Of wealth and grandeur, Pharaoh's palace vy'd :
 More honour'd still the rising fav'rite grew,
 No bounds his royal master's kindness knew :

His graceful person, charming to the sight,
Majestic, yet more mild than morning light :
His virtues, every grateful tongue employ,
The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.
All private views were to his soul unknown,
He made the kingdom's welfare still his own :
Th' oppressor's wrongs are by his power redress'd,
He guards the orphan, succours the distres'd ;
His fame to distant countries flies abroad,
While Egypt names him as her guardian god.
Affiduous still his officers attend,
Where neighb'ring states their num'rous envoys send;
Who for themselves, and pining race, implore
The food of life from his abundant store.

Among the foremost of the suppliant crowd
The Hebrew swains with low submission bow'd ;
With stern regard each kindred face he views,
Their sight the late detested scene renew's :
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To just revenge his swelling thoughts engage.
Long silent in a gloomy pause he stands ;
At last their country, business, name, demands.
My lord, thy servants, (with a modest grace,
Judah replies) are all of Hebrew race :
Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boast,
Till one, by some unhappy chance, was lost ;
The youngest with his aged sire remains
The darling, which his drooping life sustains :
To purchase corn we come, our falling breath
An infant race, to save from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he said) unfolds its own disguise ;
By Pharaoh's sacred life, you all are spies ;
Then to the guards with stern command he turns,
While yet resentment in his bosom burns ;
In close confinement be these men retain'd,
Till we some knowledge of their plot have gain'd.

With just remorse, and secret horror struck,
The conscious Hebrews at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented sin they own ;
Joseph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And hastens away, to hide the gushing tears.
Oh ! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withstood :
With unrelenting hate for sordid gold,
The gentle youth to Midianites we sold
A slave, and such perhaps he still may live ;
Almighty God, the monstrous crime forgive !
Unmov'd we saw the anguish of his breast,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears express'd :
Unmov'd, and lost to nature, virtue, sense,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
Would have subdued in wilds a savage race.
What caves, what dungeons, should such monsters
hide !

We stand condemn'd, and Heav'n is justify'd.

When Reuben, who the barbarous fact disclaim'd,
In these sad terms their former malice blam'd :
Would Heav'n your flowing tears might wash away
The bloody stains of that detested day ;
Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace ;
The soft impression of my brother's face
Dwells on my heart, the tragick scene I view,
The mournful object is for ever new.
Methinks I see the anguish, the surprise,
The melting sorrow in his lovely eyes,
While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred blood, he singly call'd your names,
And one by one invok'd—what power I had,
Was all employ'd to save the guiltless lad :

His filial love and goodness, free from art,
Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your soft compassion to engage ;
I heard his cries, while round his suppliant hands,
Without remorse, you ty'd the cruel bands ;
My soul is wounded with the farewell groan,
When to the yawning pit you forc'd him down.

What hellish frenzy did your bosoms fire
Against such youth and virtue to conspire ?
What was his mighty crime ?—a childish dream,
A sleeping fancy's visionary scheme :
His blood's aveng'd—While here we lie confin'd,
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.

Their eldest brother's just reproach they own,
And humbly now addrēs th' eternal throne,
With penitence sincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.

Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breast
The first vindictive motions had suppress'd.
When early for the Hebrew train he sends,
And kindness in a stern disguise intends ;
Conducted to his presence, prostrate all
(As once their sheaves before his sheaf) they fall.

The pow'r that sits above the stars I fear
(He said) nor shall you find injustice here :
To prove that you have no clandestine view,
Nor hostile aim, but are to honour true,
One of your kindred number left behind,
Th' attending guards shall as an hostage bind ;
Secure from wrong, the captive shall remain,
If at set limits you return again :
But be for ever exiles from the place,
Nor ever hope again to see my face,
Unless you bring your youngest brother here,
No more on Egypt's fatal coast appear ;

Be this a proof your words have no disguise,
Or you by Pharaoh's sacred life are spies.

Alas, my lord, in tents thy servants sleep,
(The swains reply) our herds and bleating sheep
Engross our humble cares, no martial claims
Disturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims;
Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry fields,
And tuneful grove, to us their pleasures yield;
Unenvy'd there, secure from noise and strife,
In harmless ease we spend a peaceful life;
Our costliest banquets in some balmy shade,
With nature's simple luxury are made;
No dreams of grandeur, no aspiring thought,
Thy servants to the Memphian limits brought;
Distress'd with famine, to this friendly shore
We came, your kind assistance to implore.

This said, they find themselves dismiss'd at last
With full supplies, and to their country haste.
When scarce arriv'd before their father's tent,
His busy thoughts presag'd some sad event;
The captive son was miss'd—his fears t'expel,
Th' unpleasing truth in soothing words they tell.
With temper, every circumstance he hears,
Till the fond prop of his declining years,
His Benjamin was nam'd—that cruel part,
In spite of all their well-meant flait'ring art,
With piercing anguish wounds his inmost soul;
No pleas of reason can its force control.
His hoary head with weighty sorrow press'd,
Dejected sunk upon his pensive breast.
The careful trav'llers now their sacks unty'd,
Surpris'd, their coin restor'd again they spy'd.

What can these myst'ries mean, good Jacob said,
What fatal storm is breaking o'er my head?
Why is my life prolong'd? of bliss bereft?
Joseph is not:—My single comfort left,

To distant climes an exile you would bear,
Against me all these sad events appear ;
But know, the flame of life shall quit my heart
Ere with the lovely blooming youth I part.

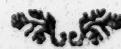
Content we then must sacrifice our lives,
Our guiltless offspring and our tender wives,
(Judah replies) condemn'd to perish here,
And ne'er again on Egypt's coasts appear :
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to heav'n address'd, and lifted hand,
The man protested with a solemn grace,
Not one of us should ever see his face,
Nor other proof our innocence should clear,
Unless we brought our youngest brother there.

And why would you that needless truth make known,
Or that you had a younger brother own ?
The anxious parent said — Alas ! could we,
Reuben replies, the consequence foresee ?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with specious lies, the fact disown ?
Or straitly question'd, by a man so great,
Conceal our publick or domestick state ?
Indeed he roughly talkt, but still there broke
Some secret pity thro' his fiercest look ;
However dark the past events appear,
We've nothing from such clemency to fear ;
Where'er with easy state he pass'd along,
His virtues echo'd thro' the shouting throng :
Then why, my honour'd sire, these vain delays ?
Paternal cares a thousand scruples raise ;
Your Simeon bound, a slave unransom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for spies :
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the sacred pledge demand.

Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
 Secure I leave as sureties in his place ;
 If any negligence my honour stain,
 Without compassion let them both be slain.

Half yielding now he stands— Their household straits,
 Judah with artless eloquence repeats.

With falter'ring speech, and anguish in his eyes,
 Then go in peace, the vanquish'd patriarch cries
 Celestial providence your steps attend,
 And angel guards from every ill defend ;
 With doubl'd money for your corn advance,
 Perhaps the restoration was a chance ;
 But take some grateful present in your hand,
 The balmy products of your native land :
 And be th' eternal Majesty implor'd,
 (The God my great progenitor's ador'd)
 To grant you favour in the ruler's sight,
 And bring your injur'd innocence to light :
 But know, if mischief should the lad attend,
 My hoary hairs down to the grave you send.



BOOK X.

The Hebrews return with their youngest Brother into Egypt.

Joseph treats them with great Kindness and a splendid Entertainment ; but still he conceals his Relation to them. At last they are dismiss'd with plentiful Supplies of Corn ; but the Steward, as commanded by his Lord, secretly conveys a Silver Cup into Benjamin's Sack. After they are gone out of the City, he pursues and charges them with the pretended Theft ; and at last he finds it in Benjamin's Sack. They return with great Confusion, when Joseph discovers himself to them.

THEIR father's blessing on their knees they take,

A nd now to Memphis quick advances make,
Where safe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To Joseph's steward hastily they come,
Disclose in humble terms their late mistake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.

Your father's God (he said) your coin restor'd,
'Twas justly paid ; then leads them to his lord.

Their gifts, with prostrate homage, they present ;
His gracious smiles their rising doubts prevent ;
Forgetful of himself, with eager haste,
He forward stept and Benjamin embrac'd :
His heart expands with sympathetick joy,
While in his arms he folds the wond'ring boy ;
Fond nature struggles with the vain disguise,
A brother sparkles in his radiant eyes :
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth ;
And half disclos'd the kindred soul appears,
Till Joseph flies to hide the swelling tears,
That melting love and soft surprise excite,
But recollect'd, soon returns in sight.

Conducts them now into a spacious hall,
Where well-worn slaves, obsequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd, with artful care,
A splendid banquet instantly prepare ;

Embroi-

Embroider'd carpets cover all the ground,
While fragrant ointments spread their odours round,
Large silver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.

And now, with costly fare and sparkling wine
Of various sorts, the loaded tables shine,
Beneath a glitt'ring canopy of state,
In Tyrian robes, the gracefu' regent sat ;
With all the bounty of a royal feast
He nobly entertains each Hebrew guest :
Their hostage freed the mutual joy compleats,
In order plac'd, they take their destin'd seats :
With sprightly wines, and social converse gay,
In guiltless mirth they spend the fleeting day.

In calm repose supinely pass the night,
Till rising with the morning's rosy light,
They haste away, with full provisions stor'd,
In every sack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin the steward secretly convey'd ;
A silver cup in Benjamin's was laid.

Secure the suburbs utmost bounds were past,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haste,
He overtakes the hindmost of the train,
And thus accosts them in an angry strain.

How could you thus, ungrateful and unjust,
Against the rules of hospitable trust,
Combine, the consecrated cup to steal,
By which my lord does secret things reveal.

With what strange meaning is thy language fraught,
Surpris'd, they cry, we're guiltless, even in thought,
And by th' immortal God, we dare protest,
Such black designs are strangers to our breast.
Our coin unask'd exactly we restor'd,
How should we then abuse thy injur'd lord,
And basely, gold or silver from him steal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel ?

If such enormous guilt our bosoms stain,
Vassals for life thy servants shall remain ;
The wretch, convicted of a crime so high,
Unpity'd here before thy face shall die.

Content, he said, and search'd their burdens round ;
At last, the cup in Benjamin's was found :
With wild despair, their folding veils they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.

The regent here, but oh ! how chang'd they find,
No more the mild beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done ?
You well might know where dress and learning shine,
A man like me must certainly divine.

Prostrate they fall, while Judah for the rest,
With mingled sighs their mutual grief express'd.

What can I say ? — How shall thy servant speak ?
In what pathetic words my silence break ?
What energy of language shall I find,
To paint the wild distraction of my mind ?
Justice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd score of sins ;
Our secret crimes this rigorous stroke demand ;
And, self-condemn'd, we here thy vassals stand.

No, cries the gracious regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my slave shall be ;
Return in peace, your needless fears resign,
This youth, a public criminal, is mine.
When Judah thus, (still gently drawing near)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumstance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.

Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder branch, by an untimely death,
Snatch'd from his arms, long since resign'd his breath ;

The

The youngest, who does now his care engage,
 The single prop of his declining age,
 The constant theme of every pleasing thought,
 Your strict command, my Lord, has hither brought:
 Our sire (thy servant) long refus'd to grant
 The pressing suit, till forc'd by meagre want,
 And just concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
 He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

But oh! what killing anguish pierc'd his heart,
 When thus compel'd with Benjamin to part:
 With all the eloquence that filial love
 Could e'er inspire to calm his fears I strove;
 But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,
 If mischief should his blooming life prevent,
 My hoary hairs, he said, with grief oppress'd,
 Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest,
 And I, unhappy, whither shall I go
 To shun that dark distracting scene of woe?
 My father's wretchedness I cannot see,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry future joy by me;
 For I, with all the arguments I had,
 Became myself a surety for the lad,
 And must again the precious pledge restore,
 Or see my aged parent's face no more.

My lord, you seem to have a tender heart,
 (Tho' sometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
 This first, unfortunate offence, forgive,
 Or let thy servant here a vassal live,
 A bondslave, in my youngest brother's stead,
 Condemn'd no more my native soil to tread.

No longer Joseph could his tears control,
 Or hide the soft emotions of his soul:
 Relenting signs the watchful Hebrews saw,
 In haste he bids th' attendants all withdraw.

I am your brother Joseph, then he cries,
 With tears and melting goodness in his eyes,

That

That brother you to Midian merchants sold
On Dothan's plain—Nor need the rest be told.

The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
And, with disorder'd looks, each other view.

He then demands—How fares my honour'd sire?

Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;

A guilty shame on every face was spread,

Come near, my brethren, then he mildly said,

Reflect not on yourselves, with thought severe,

It was not you, but God, that sent me here;

His goodness rul'd the circumstance and place,

To save the stock of Abraham's sacred race;

Five years of cruel famine yet remain,

While, destitute of hope, the careful swain

Shall neither sow nor reap—The burning soil

Until'd shall lie, or mock his fruitless toil;

But heav'n has sent me here, to save your lives,

Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.

Th' Ægyptian king, in every virtue great,

Ordains me second ruler in the state;

The strength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,

Without restraint, are trusted to my hand.

Return, and in my father's ears relate

The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state:

Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,

And throw myself in raptures at his feet:

Let him come down to Goshen's healthful air,

His whole domestick charge shall be my care.

Dismiss your fears—This painful silence break!

You see a friend! you hear a brother speak!

Behold the tender motions of my heart,

No more disguis'd with grandeur, or with art!

Regard me well, the kindred features trace,

You'll find the prints of nature in my face!

Then clasping round his youngest brother's neck,
No longer strives the gushing tears to check;

The friendly ardor throws off all disguise,
While nature sits triumphant in his eyes;
Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodness, innocence and truth;
In mutual sympathy their souls were ty'd,
And more by virtue than by birth ally'd.

Saluting then the rest, with mild address,
He clears their doubts and softens their distress;
Conversing freely, now they quit their fears,
While Pharaoh, pleas'd, the new adventure hears;
And in his clemency, and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy some selected place
Should be assign'd on Goshen's rich champaign,
His father's num'rous charge to entertain.

The regent now, impatient of delay,
With costly presents sends the men away;
But with a sparkling Babylonian vest,
His youngest friend was grac'd above the rest.

Make haste, he said, to bring my father down,
Tell him I live, and be my greatness known;
Take waggons, for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpless children to convey;
Nor care to gather up your needless stores,
The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours.

At Hebron soon their speedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;
Where scarce arriv'd, at once they all relate,
The welcome news of Joseph's prosp'rous state.

Why would you mock my woe with airy schemes,
(He fainting said) of gay fantastick dreams?

But soon the loaded carriages appear,
Recal his life, his drooping spirits cheer.

My Joseph lives! (transporting truth) he cries,
I'll see his face, and close my aged eyes:
Content, resign these poor remains of breath,
And gently rest in the calm shades of death.

